

LEILA.

FROM THE BYRON GALLERY.

The Giaour, a fragment of a Turkish tale, is partly drawn from real life. The description of Leila is the first regular portrait of female loveliness that Byron produced.

Her eye's dark charm 't were vain to tell,  
But gaze on that of the Gazelle,  
It will assist thy fancy well;  
As large, as languishingly dark,  
But soul beam'd forth in every spark  
That darted from beneath the lid,  
Bright as the jewel of Gianschid.  
Yea, soul, and should our prophet say  
That form was nought but breathing clay,  
By Allah! I would answer nay;  
Though on Al-Sirat's arch I stood,  
Which tollers o'er the fiery flood,  
With Paradise within my view,  
And all his Houris beckoning through.  
O! who young Leila's glance could read  
And keep that portion of his creed,  
Which saith that woman is but dust,  
A soulless toy for tyrant's lust?

On her might Muftis gaze and own  
That thro' her eye the Immortal shone;  
Oh! her fair cheek's unfading hue  
The young pomegranate's blossoms strew  
Their bloom in blushes ever new;  
Her hair in hyacinthine flow,  
When left to roll its folds below,  
As midst her handmaids in the hall  
She stood superior to them all,  
Hath swept the marble where her feet  
Gleam'd whiter than the mountain sleet,  
Ere from the cloud that gave it birth  
It fell, and caught one stain of earth.  
The cygnet nobly walks the water;  
So moved on earth Circassia's daughter,  
The loveliest bird of Franguestan!  
As rears her crest the ruffled swan,  
And spurns the wave with wings of pride,  
When pass the steps of stranger wan  
Along the banks that bound her tide;  
Thus rose fair Leila's whiter neck:—  
Thus arm'd with beauty would she check  
Intrusion's glance, 'till Folly's gaze  
Shrunk from the charm it meant to praise.

THE PARTED.

"As cliffs that had been rent asunder."

They deemed 't was but to live apart;  
Each in some separate sphere,  
And memories then would leave the heart  
Young Love had planted there.

She thought with Wealth, her early days  
Of bliss might be forgot;  
His trust was in the world's sweet praise,  
To find some envied lot.

And Wealth she won. Behold her now,  
She moves in halls of State;  
While scanty laurels press his brow,  
And mark his chosen fate.

She wakes to all proud wealth can bring,  
Or pampered sense require;—  
He plumes for fancy's realm his wing,  
In yet unfill'd desire.

And yet, time was, did he but smile,  
Or sigh as she drew near,  
There shone such gladness in her eye,  
As now ne'er sparkles there.

And thus with him;—no muse's flight,  
No poet's rapturous dream,  
Can so to blissful hope invite  
As that remember'd beam.

Alas! for her who heedless wastes  
On wealth, her life's best bloom;  
The desert of her cultur'd tastes—  
Of mind the living tomb.

Alas! for him, whose every grace  
Of pencil, pen, or thought,  
Serves but as foil to some lov'd trace  
On memory's tablet wrought.

She to dull wealth those tastes resigns,  
Or weeps in lone pursuit;—  
With flowers, his fairy region shines,  
But bear forbidden fruit.

Alas for both,—as cliffs once rent,  
By storms, on floods in twain,  
Though each to each inclining bent,  
They ne'er may meet again.

But, aye, each sever'd aspect bears,  
Though seas may roll between,  
Some trace that still the wretch declares  
Of bonds that once have been.

W. B. B.

Ellendale, Va.

From Tait's Magazine.

THE DAY OF THE WHITE MOUNTAIN—  
ANNO 1620.

Frederic was at dinner during the battle of the White Mountain. Presently he looked on the scene from the rampart. He quitted the city in the night with his wife and children, "and with such hurry did the flight take place," says Schiller, "that he left his crown behind," and he took the road to Silesia.

Who is he that drains the wine-cup, seated in  
emblazoned hall,  
First of feasters at the banquet, served by sewer  
and seneschal?  
Brightly shine the golden beakers, circling pages  
fealty ply  
Round the goodly garnished tables, courtly stran-  
gers sit thereby:  
Rings the bowl, and rings the laughter, in the  
house of luxury.

Who be they that fight the death-fight on the  
plain and on the hill,  
With the generous life-blood gushing fast and  
free in many a rill?  
There, their fiery charge advances; here, before  
the o'erumbering foe,  
Now resisting, now retreating, down the reeling  
squadrons go,  
Down to where the purpling river rolls its turbid  
tide below.

They that strive that strife of slaughter, on the  
hill and on the plain,  
Are the sons of Christian Freedom, battling for  
their faith amain.  
He that sits by flowing banquet, where the costly  
fruits abound,  
Laughs and quaffs from golden goblet, bids the  
bowl his guests around,  
Feasting in the joyous chamber—is the King  
but now they crowned.

Ho! rise up, inglorious feaster! set the golden  
goblet down,  
Rise, and from thy palace-windows, look o'er  
Prague's imperilled town!  
Look to yonder blanch-browed mountain, through  
the sulphurous clouds descried—  
Like the foam of sun-lit torrent, glancing horse-  
men sweep its side.  
Known are Hungary's fleet riders! but with  
speed of fear they ride.

Bucquoy there and fierce Maradas chase the fly-  
ing game, and soon  
Hot Bavaria comes pursuing—comes the terri-  
ble Walloon:  
Seems it to the city's ramparts will the reflux  
war be rolled—  
Stout Silesia's Duke is flying, Anhalt scarce his  
ground can hold,  
Nor, with his Moravian lances, Thurn, the youth-  
ful and the bold.

King-Elector! King-Elector! while the golden  
moments fly,

With each tramp of yonder squadrons shakes thy  
slender royalty!  
Up! if yet their King may rally yon discomfited  
array—  
Seen amid the shock of Spearmen, heard amid  
the sounding fray,  
Frederic may restore the battle. Speed, soft rev-  
eller, away!

Forth he goes, but not to glory—not to stem  
the advancing tide—  
Nor to die the death by many a crowned king  
conspicuous died.  
Prague! and was it thus thy princes bore them in  
the brunt of war,  
Podiebrand, or stout Boleslas, proud, imperious  
Ottocar?  
Or that King,\* with all his peerage, merged in  
Mohaez' marsh afar?

Peerless Prague! is this thy chosen? Oh, the  
sorrow and the scorn  
That he viewed, from rampart gazing, all that  
goodly host o'erborne,  
Nor essayed one deed of danger, not for love nor  
yet for shame,  
Trusted crown or trusting people, nor for honor  
of his name,  
And the long-descended glories of the race from  
which he came!

Hopeful was the heart of burgher when that bat-  
tle's morning rose.  
Heavy was his heart, and stricken were his hopes,  
at evening's close.  
Who shall stay the morrow's vengeance—who,  
when craven kings betray,  
Sign away their faithful subjects, sign their sove-  
reignty away?  
And o'er that devoted city drearily goes down  
the day.

Now, while folding night enshrouds him, bring  
the saddled steeds from stall,  
Tarry not for gilded bauble, badge or sign fantas-  
tical.  
Place fair England's high-born daughter† by the  
uxorious consort's side,  
Bring the babes, and call the escort! Now it lists  
him forth to ride,  
Cramps him in this narrow city—yon Silesian  
road is wide!

'Twas but late, with pomp and promise, from  
his Heidelberg he came,  
While through all her crowded quarters Prague  
sent up her Frederic's name.  
In the blaze of day they crowned him. Now, lest  
curious burghers' eyne  
Haply spy the invading monarch ere the garish  
morning shine,  
Let him pass from crown and kingdom, poor,  
presumptuous Palatine!

\* Louis, King of Hungary and Bohemia, the last  
before the Hapsburg Dynasty.

† Elizabeth, Countess Palatine, daughter of  
James I.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE RUSSO-TURKISH QUESTION.

WHEN Shakspeare made his Henry V. ask the affianced Katherine of France, with somewhat more freedom than we are used to in these days, whether the issue of their union "between St. Denis and St. George, half French, half English," should not be "a boy that would go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard," he little dreamed how closely, two centuries and a half after, the spirit of his prediction would be realized. The two nations, indeed, whose patron saints were by their concert to fill the world with their deeds, are now joined by far stronger bonds than the matrimonial affinities of princes, ever failing in the hour of danger. Nor does the voice of justice, or of policy call upon them to bid defiance to the ancient enemy of Christendom in the East. A sense of public duty, common interests, and a clear perception of the coming storm, dangerous to all alike, yet not equally foreseen by all, have bound them as one nation, to brave and suffer, or triumph together. The Power that, under the mask of sympathy with its co-religionists, aims at a dominion that would enable it to vanquish and enslave half Christendom, is scarcely less to be called its enemy than was formerly the Grand Turk himself. The standards of "St. Denis and St. George" may ere long lead to "beard" the great Northern foe, men "in arms not worse," and in a cause ten times more just, than those who fought and bled at Agincourt.

While men's minds are thus fixed on the ancient seats of heathen and Christian civilization in the East, but now for centuries past of Mohammedan conquest and usurpation, the great tidewave of mankind continues to set in the opposite direction, westward and southward. The American shore of the Pacific is becoming inhabited by an active, enterprising, and apparently indomitable race. The same great Ocean seems destined to be further bounded on the South by a branch of the same division of mankind, whose vocation appears to be to carry liberty of thought and action wherever they tread, and to bind the world by their commerce. This stupendous event, the emigration by thousands, and hundreds of thousands, from Central and Western Europe to the Continents of the new world, with the entire change it can hardly fail ultimately to induce on the face of Eastern Asia, must by no means be left out of sight when reflecting on the whole bearings of our present subject. China is already revolutionized, and bids fair to be thrown open to the world in these latter days. Gibbon has traced with as much distinctness as the nature of the case will admit, the first attacks by the Huns upon the Chinese Empire — its conquest, and the absorption of

the victors into its already enormous population — the ultimate defeat of its Northern enemies, and the breaking up of the Hunnish monarchy, which had existed in Central Asia for thirteen hundred years; the migration of tribes too independent for the yoke, westward; the continuance of this migration for centuries, tribe after tribe being impelled in that direction, by the repeated action, probably, of the same force which first drove them from their native seats; and their final stand on the north-eastern boundaries of the Roman empire, until, in the age of degeneracy which ensued, they crossed its borders, and overspread its plains and cities like a flood. A future historian and philosopher may perhaps see, in the pressure of the European populations westward, in our past conquest, and, we will hope, now commencing civilization of India, in the occupation, by the Anglo-Saxon race, of California, and the Western coast of America; in the probable opening of Japan to the rest of the world; in the rising fortunes of Australia; in the Chinese Revolution; and in many other secret causes at work in that quarter of the globe, but as yet hidden from our view — may see in these a bearing on the great Eastern question, (not, perhaps, that particular phase of it which is now before us, but) the general question between Christian Power on the one hand, and the Mohammedan on the other, not less true because seemingly remote, and scarcely observed in the glare of facts more near and tangible.

CONSTANTINOPLE, the keystone of the arch that binds the European and Asiatic families of mankind, the natural centre of their moral and intellectual movement, their progress and their commerce; occupying a position which, for the incomparable excellence of its harbor, wherein the fleets of the world could ride with their leviathans and three-deckers alongside its quays; for its station midway between the two seas, which unite in bringing to its shores the produce and riches of the east and west; and for the luxurious beauties with which nature has surrounded it, stands unrivalled in the world; this "Empire of a City" has long been the object of envy and of jealousy to the great conquerors and autocrats of our race. As eloquently described in an ancient letter: "*Est in Europâ; habet in conspectu Asiam, Ægyptum, Africamque à dextrâ; quæ tamesti contiguae non sunt, maris tamen navigandique commoditate veluti junguntur.*" Founded originally by a little colony of Greeks, that keen and active race that has stamped the impress of its genius on all subsequent ages of mankind; the Roma Nova of Constantine; the great Patriarchate of eastern Christendom; the single stay for a thousand years of a falling empire; lastly the centre of Ottoman might in its meridian and in its setting, it still promises

to be the witness of the great struggles of our species for conquest or for existence, of its glories and of its weaknesses. For not only has this wonderful city raised up empires; it has also, by its extreme facilities for luxury and depravity, undermined and cast them down. The latter days of the ancient Greek Empire were perhaps unrivalled for the effeminacy and base servility of its inhabitants. When the Emperor Palæologus, a prince worthy of a nobler people, endeavored to muster the semblance of a force to repel the last furious assault of the Ottoman, Phranza, his faithful counsellor, mournfully reported that out of a population of one hundred thousand, not more than five thousand "*Romans*" could be found to give battle for their country, their wives and their children; and our great historian indignantly declaims against "men devoid of that spirit which even women have sometimes exerted for the common safety. Four hundred years of subjection may have wrought a change in the Greek mind, or certain theorists would hardly venture to propose a reconstitution of the Eastern Empire. But, however this be, the extraordinary influence of Constantinople alone on the rise and fall of already two empires, can hardly be overrated. Perhaps no higher testimony to its importance can be found than the secret article in the Treaty of Tilsit, by which Napoleon consented "to make common cause with Russia against the Ottoman Porte," in the event of the latter not accepting the Czar's conditions; "and," it proceeds, "the two high contracting parties will unite their efforts to wrest from the vexatious and oppressive government of the Turks all its provinces in Europe,—*Roumelia and Constantinople alone excepted*."\* The jealousies of the potentates were to preserve to the Turks their city. "I lay no stress," said Napoleon to the Russian Emperor, about the same time, "on the evacuation of Wallachia and Moldavia by your troops: you may protect them if you desire. It is impossible to endure any longer the presence of the Turks in Europe; you are at liberty to chase them into Asia; but observe only, I rely upon it that *Constantinople is not to fall into the hands of any European Power*."† O'Meara also relates the following remarkable saying of Napoleon at St. Helena:

All the Emperor Alexander's thoughts are directed to the conquest of Turkey. We have had many discussions about it, and at first I was pleased with his proposals, because I thought it would benefit the world to drive those brutes the Turks out of Europe. But when I reflected upon

the consequences of this step, and saw what a tremendous weight of power it would give to Russia on account of the number of Greeks in the Turkish dominions who would naturally join the Russians, I refused to "consent to it, especially as Alexander wanted to get *Constantinople, which I would not allow, as it would have destroyed the equilibrium of power in Europe*. I reflected that France would gain Egypt, Syria, and the Islands, which would have been nothing in comparison with what Russia would have obtained.\*

Nor does the country of which we are speaking fall short of its great metropolis. Gifted with a climate and a soil to be envied by less favored peoples, this "land of the cedar and vine," with the luxuriance of almost tropical vegetation, would, in the hands of European cultivators, and under the security of European laws, with the aid of proper means of transport, become probably the richest in the world. But, alas! without roads, almost without laws, under the oppression of the worst form of tyranny,—that based on religious supremacy,—this garden of nature has become comparatively a wilderness. Yet many improvements have been made of late years, and are still being made, and we must hesitate before passing a sweeping condemnation on the Turk. We ourselves occupy a somewhat similar position in Asia to his in Europe. A few hundred thousand of our countrymen there lord it over a hundred and fifty million Hindoos. We cannot yet, however, point to the improved state of the interior of India, to its facilities of transport and of communication, to its canals, to its rivers made navigable, trunk and branch roads reticulated over its varied surface, and conveying its apparently boundless treasures to the general mart of the world: to the less frequent visitations of scarcity or famine; to the general well-being of its inhabitants, nor even to the uncorrupt administration of its law. The honorable Company however professes to be the landlord of India: the Turk acknowledges only a permanent encampment in Europe. The contrast indeed becomes less flattering to us the further it is carried. We

\* The designs of Russia upon Constantinople are of ancient date. So early as the eleventh century, there was a prediction that the Northern nations would one day possess that city, and an inscription to that effect is related by the Russian historian Karamsin, to have been found one morning written on the pedestal of one of the principal statues. The idea has always haunted the Russian people, and even the Turks themselves, some of whom go so far as to show the gate by which the Muscovite battalions are to enter. When our Queen Elizabeth first sent an ambassador to the Porte, the Czar Boris affected to be sorely scandalized, and directed his ambassador not only to pretend disbelief of the report, but to propose a religious crusade against the infidels. Elizabeth evaded the question, called the Czar her well beloved brother, who had long been the protector of the English, and said that 'she daily prayed heaven for him!'—*Karamsin*.

\* Bignon VI., 339-340. Alison's *History of Europe*.

† Hardenberg, ix., 432. See on this whole subject Alison's *Europe*, chapter xlv., 78, 81, and Notes.



profess a religion that has for its object the improvement and (finite) perfection of the human heart. Yet we cannot be said, as a nation, to have made even an approach to the moral amelioration of the subject race. The Turk, on the contrary, believes in the sword of the prophet, and faithfully conforms in general, like the Rechabites of old, to the external precepts laid down for his conduct. Accordingly, what virtues the Koran really enforces are actually practised by the Faithful. Mr. Fellowes, who lived among them for several months in Asia Minor, has warmly described their unswerving truthfulness, their honesty, kindness, and hospitality; and, what is unhappily more than we in this favored land can boast of, *their mercy to their animals*, instruments of punishment for beasts of burden being hardly known among them—an instance of tender-heartedness in their character that would seem to suit them for a truer and purer faith. The Greeks were in the habit of “excusing” the possession of these fine qualities in their former tyrants by such sayings as: “The Mohammedan dares not steal, his religion forbids it;” “He is not allowed by his religion to tell a lie,” etc., etc. The same traveller gives them also just praise for their temperance, to which he ascribes in great measure their freedom from disease, and denies their addiction to opium in any such immoderate degree as that with which they have been charged. In their manners they carry with them the true Oriental gracefulness and ease. Nature indeed seems to have given the Children of the Sun in the East a grace to which the offspring of Japhet are strangers, and the Turks are admitted to a full share in the gift. “Their refinement,” in short, “is of the manners and affections, while, however, there is little cultivation or activity of mind among them.” To this sterility, compared with the growth of activity and intelligence to the north and west of their country, they probably in great measure owe their decline.

We do not propose to rake up the apparently interminable question of the last eight months. Every phase of it, so far as foreign ministers have divulged their sentiments to the world, or events have disclosed them, whether in harmony with or contradiction to their ostensible professions, has already afflicted the public mind with a weariness only equalled by its disgust. The satisfaction freely given on the question of the holy shrines; the consequent abandonment of that question, as concluded; the subsequent ground taken again upon it, in Count Nesselrode’s circular, as though *not* concluded; the sudden transition to a new claim, unheard of in the annals of independent nations, that the chief of one powerful state should exercise a spiritual protectorate over twelve millions of native subjects of another

and that a weaker state; the secrecy which was insisted upon in the negotiations and the oft-repeated menaces with which each claim was accompanied: the second Russian circular, founding the order for the occupation of the Principalities, upon the advance of the allied fleets to Besika-bay, a statement chronologically false; the eager acceptance of a note, which could be construed into containing the very terms originally demanded;—all this has shown an amount of sharp practice, which, in every-day life, would be called by a name we had rather should be understood than expressed. The public mind of England has sufficiently declared itself upon each point, as it arose, and, so far as resistance to aggression and positive reprobation of injustice and duplicity are concerned, it is as that of one man. The questions which have arisen amongst us are rather questions of time and degree, and means, than of the principle involved. Some of these are also colored, more or less, with party politics, an inevitable result in this country, where even a momentary influence, by whatever means to be obtained, is too often an object of ambition. Witness the supercilious indifference with which some of Wellington’s greatest victories were treated, by the party then in opposition; and, at the commencement of his wonderful Peninsular career, the contempt poured on his measures, by the representatives rather of ignorance and faction, than of English cities and counties. We recal this, not in derogation of a constitutional system, in which, perhaps, such offences must needs come, but to prepare ourselves and others for the phenomena, should they occur, of party politicians making use of a necessary and just, though severe and grievous war, to suit their own purposes, and weaken the hands of Government at the moment when it requires the combined aid of every mind and every arm to sustain its efforts. But, we repeat, in the present instance there has been but one opinion, one voice, on the question of rights and justice against violence and wrong. The same pervading feeling will, doubtless, last out the present day, and display England to the world, as a power essentially, indeed, of peace, but of instant readiness to resist the very strongest in their career of aggression, if needs be.

Russian ambition has, for years past, followed up a gradual career of conquest. It has been well observed that the great Northern Empire has gained even more by its diplomacy than by its victories, so glad have been its enemies to conclude peace, even when partially successful, on the best terms they could obtain, so little was to be gained and so much to be lost. The author of *Progress of Russia in the East* has given us a vivid picture of this rapid advance towards universal dominion:—

The acquisitions which Russia has made, within the last sixty-four years, are equal, in extent and importance, to the whole empire she had in Europe before that time; the acquisitions she has made from Sweden are greater than what remains of that ancient kingdom; her acquisitions from Poland are as large as the whole Austrian empire; the territory she has wrested from Turkey in Europe is equal to the dominions of Prussia, exclusive of her Rhenish provinces; and her acquisitions from Turkey in Asia are equal, in extent, to all the smaller states of Germany, the Rhenish provinces of Prussia, Belgium, and Holland, taken together; the country she has conquered from Persia is about the size of England; and her acquisitions in Tartary have an area equal to Turkey in Europe, Greece, Italy, and Spain. In sixty-four years she has advanced her frontier eight hundred and fifty miles towards Vienna, Berlin, Dresden, Munich, and Paris; she has approached four hundred and fifty miles nearer to Constantinople; she has possessed herself of the capital of Poland, and has advanced to within a few miles of the capital of Sweden, from which, when Peter the First mounted the throne, her frontier was distant three hundred miles. Since that time she has stretched herself forward, about one thousand miles towards India, and the same distance towards the capital of Persia.

Such has been the apparently irresistible march of this gigantic power. If we inquire into the causes of this great phenomenon of the last and present centuries, we are equally struck with their simplicity and their grandeur. For centuries there had been a constant immigration of warlike tribes from Northern and Central Asia. Between the Tartars and the Poles, Russia's early history shows one continued period of suffering and subjugation. At length arose a deliverer in the person of Peter the Great, whose task was to bind up the disjointed framework of his State into the compactness of a well-regulated empire. From that moment the star of Russia has been in the ascendant. This was all that was wanting to make a people of intense religious feeling, inhabiting a country almost unassailable by regular armies, absolutely obedient to their nobles, inured to hardship and privation, and possessing a boundless territory, the most formidable nation, perhaps, that the world has yet seen. The means whereby Russia has effected her conquests, and the line of policy she has pursued, show a remarkable similarity in some respects to that followed by Ancient Rome, while in others they evince a tact and an astuteness peculiarly her own. The former case has been admirably treated by Professor Creasy, who remarks on

— the State craft of the Roman Senate, which took care in every foreign war to appear in the character of a *Protector*. Thus Rome *protected* the Ætolians and the Greek cities against Mace-

don; she *protected* Bithynia and other small Asiatic States against the Syrian kings; she *protected* Numidia against Carthage, and in numerous other instances assumed the same specious character. But "woe to the people, whose liberty depends on the continued forbearance of an over-mighty protector."\* Every state which Rome *protected*, was ultimately subjugated and absorbed by her. And Russia has been the protector of Poland, the protector of the Crimea, the protector of Georgia, Immeritia, Mingrelia, the Tcherkessian and Caucasian tribes, etc. She has first *protected* and then appropriated them all. She *protects* Moldavia and Wallachia. A few years ago she became the protector of Turkey from Mehemet Ali, and since the summer of 1849, she has made herself the protector of Austria.†

And we may now add, a well-meant attempt to become the protector of twelve millions, or four-fifths of the Sultan's subjects in Europe.

We have said, however, that this great power, while following the example of the former conquerors of the world, has improved on its teachers by a policy peculiarly its own. It will be remembered that the Russian forces entered the Principalities of the Danube "*not to make war*," but to obtain a "material guarantee" for the cession of the autocrat's demands. Let us hear now the testimony of the Russian historian Karamsin, who has shown this very feature to be a leading characteristic of the imperial diplomacy:—

The object and character of our foreign policy (he observes) have ever been to make conquests without war, and to secure them at each peace, to maintain a defensive attitude, to place no trust in those whose interests do not tally with our own, and never to lose an occasion of doing them an injury, without, however, involving ourselves in the formal state of war. (*Sans pour cela nous mettre formellement en guerre avec eux.*)‡

Really, one would think that this too candid author had been writing the history of the past year.

Bearing steadily in mind this distinctive policy of the Northern Empire, it will assist our obtaining a clear view of the present question, as between Russia and Europe, as well as between Russia and Turkey, to consider her actual military and geographical position relatively to the various nations on her frontier.

The first great fact that meets us in this inquiry is, that the most advanced military po-

\* Malkin's *History of Greece*.

† *Decisive Battles of the World*, ii. p. 220.

‡ Quoted by General Count Bjornstierna in his *Tableau Politique et Statistique de l'Empire Britannique dans l'Inde*. The reference is not given, nor have we succeeded in finding the passage in Karamsin's works; but the high character of the Swedish statesman is a sufficient voucher for its authenticity.

sition of Russia in Europe,—that of Poland,—threatens both Berlin and Vienna at once, at a distance of not more than 180 miles from either, or nearer than York is to London. It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of this fact, not only in its military consequences, in case of war, but in the political influence it must secure to this Power at all times. Accordingly, we have seen Russia step in as the armed arbiter between the Austrian Emperor and his Hungarian rebels; and when lately Prussia and Austria seemed intent on effecting their mutual destruction, it was the same great Power that employed its friendly mediation, backed by the presence of 100,000 disposable troops in Poland. It is not, indeed, probable that a German politician would admit this state of friendly dependence, but we imagine it would be difficult for him to define the exact limit of independence of which his country actually feels itself in possession, with respect to its great Northern neighbor. Were Germany a nation united under one head, it would have nothing to fear, or rather, perhaps, it would be itself too much to be feared. But, as Germany now is, with many of its princes unmistakably espousing the Russian cause, and more or less connected with the Russian court, and its people in an unsettled state, with no definite idea to work upon, with Prussia and Austria resuscitating from time to time their ancient rivalry—last, but not least, with a crowd of exiles that wait but the first shot fired in the general struggle, to recommence their dangerous game, it is clear that neutrality, a very passive, though perhaps talking neutrality, is all that can be expected. And all this is the direct consequence of that act, so infamous in the annals of those nations, which blotted out the name of Poland from the map of Europe. Were this ancient military monarchy reconstituted, even at this late hour, a barrier would be raised to Russian ambition which might throw back for centuries her schemes of conquest. This is not the place to discuss the practicability, or even possibility, of any such scheme. It may, or it may not, be politic, humane, righteous. But this seems certain, that it, and it alone, could reestablish the perfect independence of Prussia and Austria, and, with them, of every minor German State. Truly, the past history of Poland would give no promise of the possibility of the existence of such a nation in this century, whose normal condition was anarchy, and its great internal acts but deeds of blood. Still, the fact remains, and the two principal nations of Germany have only themselves to thank for the presence of such unwelcome neighbors within a fortnight's march of each of their capitals.

The Russian empire presses on the whole

Northern and Eastern boundary of the Austrian dominions until the Danubian principality of Moldavia interposes, and its frontier thenceforward follows the line of the Pruth to the Euxine. With the further possession, whether virtual or actual, of Moldavia and Wallachia, Russia would encompass, on three sides at least, the provinces of Gallicia (the Austrian share of Poland), Hungary, and Transylvania, and the Danube would be thenceforth a Russian river. However absurd it may sound, Austria's most important domains are at this moment in peril of being surrounded. Their final capture may well be reserved to the future convenience of the victor. To so great an extent is this an Austrian question, and such chains, nevertheless, has the Czar coiled round the neck of that ancient empress of nations, that she dares not act, and must be content with talking, and with watching the preparations for her own turn, most surely to come, with the giant of the North.

The position of Russia with respect to Turkey is still more threatening. Occupying the Northern coast of the Black Sea, with the superbly fortified harbor of Sebastopol as a base for her naval operations, and with only such wretched sailors to oppose as the Turks in late years have proved, she would have the entire command, but for any foreign aid the latter might receive, of that important sea, including the mouths of the Danube, with the enormous commerce that floats down its stream to supply the markets of the world. Sebastopol is but 350 miles (about) from Constantinople, and a strong force kept constantly in readiness to embark at the former place would effectually menace the latter, and at the same time threaten the flank and rear of any Turkish force occupying the range of the Balkan. The northerly winds which generally prevail, and the currents which set constantly towards the great outlet at Constantinople, must always be an important aid to this fleet. There is no question but the issue of a war between Russia and Turkey would be very much influenced, if not altogether decided in favor of the power which should obtain the permanent command of the Black Sea. With this command, a Russian fleet of ships of war, steamers, and transports, would accompany the left flank of their army, assist in the capture of the maritime fortresses, convey provisions, stores, and ammunition, and constantly press upon, if not altogether turn the right flank of the Turkish force. On the other hand, should the Turks or their allies be triumphant on this sea, the communications of a Russian force in Wallachia or Bulgaria would be in continual peril, the Turkish coast line with its fortresses would be secured; these, with the aid of the position of Schumla (of which more hereafter), would

engage the enemy to attack by his right, probably by Tirnova or Sophia, and a serious repulse in this attack, with his long, circuitous, and exposed communications with Southern Russia, might eventually endanger the loss of his army.

These remarks will be hereafter illustrated by a reference to the campaigns of 1828-9. But in respect to the importance of holding the command of the Black Sea, it is hardly too much to say that it is here that Russian aggression may receive its greatest check, and that not improbably another Actium may decide in the Euxine the fate of the world.

The command of the Black Sea must also exercise an important influence on the military operations in Asia. From the natural difficulties and the want of good communications in the country, on its western and southern coasts, it becomes a material object on both sides to transport their reinforcements and supplies by water. Whichever power, then, can secure this advantage to the detriment of the other, will have mastered one of the principal difficulties attendant on warfare in these parts, and will be so far in a superior position to his adversary. There can be little doubt, however, that the Russian navy will always be more than a match for the Turkish; and that should the latter be ever left to cope single-handed with their formidable adversary, this one consideration of the Russians obtaining a free range of the Euxine, while the Turks are cooped up in their harbors, will be sufficient of itself to give the former an overwhelming superiority in the general campaign. The position of Sebastopol in the Crimea is admirably calculated to secure these advantages.

Such being the general position taken up on the northern coast of this inland sea, it remains to consider the pressure of the Russian Power on the northern provinces of Turkey in Europe. The Principalities of the Danube, which separate Turkey proper, as it may be called, from Russian Bessarabia, are, it is well known, under the joint protection of the two Powers, but paying a tribute to the Sultan. The ruling influence, however, in these provinces is of course unmistakable. There can be no question of the vast importance of their possession to the great Northern Empire, giving it the entire command of the Danube, reducing Austria to a state of almost absolute dependence, and only awaiting the course of events to complete the march already begun on Constantinople itself. We find, accordingly, that it was one of the first objects of anxiety to Alexander, in his conferences at Tilsit, to obtain the consent of the French Emperor for their annexation to Russia. This was in due time followed by an Ukase (January 21, 1810),

formally annexing these Provinces, and decreeing the Danube to be the southern boundary of the Empire, from the Austrian territory to the sea. It is true that in the treaty of Bucharest (May 28, 1812), which concluded that war, they were restored to their former owners; the formidable attack by Napoleon on the heart of the Empire rendered it desirable to procure peace, even at the price of retraction; but the fact of the annexation remains in strong evidence of the real designs of Alexander, which we may very safely conclude are being steadily followed up by his successor. Indeed, one of the principal acts in the reign of the present Emperor has been the procuring the nominal independence of these provinces; and in consequence, by a somewhat novel figure of speech, Russia could seize upon them as a "material guarantee" for the cession of her demands, without, at the same time, making war upon Turkey.

The Wallachians and Moldavians are interesting, as the descendants of the Roman colonists whom Trajan planted among the ancient Daci, as a barrier against the barbarians of the North. The hope was vain, and these unhappy provinces have been the prey to successive invaders from those distant ages to the present time. It cannot be said that the hope of the future is to them more promising than the history of the past is miserable. Perhaps their only chance of repose would be to fall under the domination of one of the Great Empires which they adjoin. Could this be Austria, the danger to the Ottoman Empire and to Europe might not be very considerable, while it would effectually separate the two belligerents. A proposition by Talleyrand to that effect is on record. But Russia could never permit such a Power to stand between her and her victim; the prevalent Greek religion is another insuperable bar; and lastly, the Turk himself would fight, as he is now doing, for the small amount of sovereignty that is still left to him in those parts. But the climate is mild, the soil wonderfully fertile, and, under a good government, and with years of peace, these provinces would probably be unsurpassed in Europe for wealth and prosperity. At present they bear only the marks of the hard lot to which their position between Europe and its Asiatic invaders has for centuries past reduced them; ill cultivated, half peopled, half civilized, with few towns, and scarcely anything that can be called a road. The description of the country by an eye-witness, one who served in the Russian war of 1810 against the Turks, may be interesting, as well for the circumstance that its condition must always modify, to an important degree, the Russo-Turkish question, as that it is at this moment the seat of war.

We may add, that from all accounts there appears but little difference between its present state and that described in the following extract:—

Taking the course of a traveller setting out from Hermanstadt, we cross the lofty mountain-regions of Transylvania by the pass of Rothen-thurn, descend on the river Argisch, near the small town and convent of that name, and scale the vine-clad spur of the range, from whence are viewed the fields and plains of Wallachia. Rivers and streams in great numbers precipitate themselves from the mountains into the Danube, all of them impetuous in their course, fordable in dry weather, but overflowing at every fall of rain. The communications, which are only kept up by ferry-boats and bad bridges, are frequently interrupted, and the rich soil renders the roads impracticable in wet weather. The entire plain, covered with oak brushwood, becomes in winter the haunt of great numbers of wolves from the mountains. Anciently the country was covered with forests; which, however, the inhabitants have cut down for firewood, and turned the land into pasture for their cattle, their principal means of subsistence. In Moldavia and Bessarabia the inhabitants have followed a similar industrial employment; but the soil is in many respects different from that of Wallachia. In these the streams, issuing from the lower levels of Padolia and Bukowina, flow in a more even course to the Danube, and form extensive marshes. Bessarabia is furrowed with these from north to south; yet notwithstanding, the country conveys to the eye the appearance of a perfect plain, with nothing but pasture, and not even a solitary bush. The inhabitants, after the fashion of the Tartars, lead a wandering life, and carry their tents from place to place. The Wallachians are also half-Nomads, even their villages consisting but of large and partially excavated hovels, and these changed, from time to time, as the flocks change their pasture. In consequence, the only sure indication of a place on the map is when a church or convent may have gathered around it some huts or wooden houses, so as to form a sort of town. More fixed habitations are, however, to be found in Moldavia, probably from its greater proximity to European civilization. Agriculture there is none in these provinces, or scarcely any worth mentioning, except the cultivation of Turkish wheat, of which the inhabitants make their bread; but the abundance of hay produced by their rich meadows, and which, made up into ricks, supplies even the flocks and herds of Transylvania during the winter, more than compensates the deficiency.\*

It may seem, at first view, that such a land of desolation is scarcely worth contending for. And, indeed, to Turkey, it can be of but little value, further than the tribute it pays, and the honors of sovereignty. To Russia, however, it would constitute a vast accession of power, not only by its own natural riches, which, by

means of good communications and proper drainage, she might turn to good account, but in a still greater degree by its political value, as ensuring the command, for all practical purposes, of the all-important Danube. We should then hear no more of chokings up, by sand-banks, at the mouth. The great river of Germany would be under the efficient control of Russia, and it would be as much the interest of the latter to promote its commerce as it now is to impede it, in order to turn off the main traffic to Odessa. It is a paramount duty of Austria and of all Southern Germany to oppose, by material means if necessary, this threatened encroachment. It would indeed appear from the circular of the Austrian Government to its diplomatic agents, that this part of the question has occupied its serious attention, and it is probably in reference to this that the Austrian neutrality is promised only so long as her great state interests are not menaced.

The importance to Austria of maintaining, if not in her own possession, at least in that of a neutral power, the course of this great river to its mouth, is sufficiently obvious. It is probable that this will determine the drift of her policy; and if so, it must be eminently that of present peace, with prudent arrangements for the security of these provinces, based on the general European equilibrium, and guaranteed by all the great Powers. The object would be to obtain a permanent veto by the rest of Europe against their being invaded by any one without the general consent, or only when required by urgent circumstances, which should be well defined. Could such a resolution be adopted, the present great and otherwise un-mixed evil which would have led to it, would scarcely be a subject of regret.

So much attention has been given of late to the operations on this great "highway of nations," that we may be pardoned if we dwell a little on its leading characteristics, as materially influencing, not only every war, but even every act in the pacific policy of the countries of Central and Eastern Europe.

The Austrian Empire, though placed a *cheral* on the Danube, is neither in possession of its source nor of its mouth, yet that river is the main artery of the empire. An invader from the east or the west would strike at the heart of the latter by following the stream as his line of operation; innumerable tributaries still further increase its importance, and nothing seems wanting to secure to central Europe the benefits Providence has marked for it in the possession of such an outlet for its industry and produce, but the control or occupation of the last part of its course and of its mouth. The Prussian General Valentini, from whom we have already quoted, gives an interesting description of this portion of the river:—

\* Valentini: *Guerres des Russes contre les Turcs*.



The Danube (he observes) which separates these provinces from Bulgaria is, at its entrance into the Turkish empire, a very important river, as well from the size of its islands, as from the rapidity of its current, which renders it difficult to establish bridges of boats, for which also there would be required very large vessels. Silistria and Turtukai, where the stream is not more than a thousand paces broad, are the most advantageous points for these bridges. It would be difficult, however, to protect them against a skilful enemy who should be master of the right bank, seeing the plateau of Bulgaria is more elevated than the provinces of the opposite side, and extends to the very bank of the stream, terminating in a steep slope, from whence there is an entire command of observation over the plains of Wallachia. This bank is composed partly of rocks, partly of a clay standing at the steepness of rock, and intersected by deep ravines. The province, favored as it is by nature, presents alternately uncultivated plains and the most luxuriant vineyards, which in some places extend along the river bank for miles, while their fertility is such that it seems impossible effectually to lay them waste. The high lands of Bulgaria are not so fortunate. Intersected by deep glens, which in summer are dry, they suffer much from the want of water; and but for a skilfully combined system of conduits, and the formation of artificial pools in the valleys, their population could never be proportionate to their fertility.\*

It is now time that we examine more closely the military bearings of the question, and consider the capabilities of Turkey for defence. For this the experience of past wars will be the best guide, and it will be necessary to assume, what has always been the case after the parties have been any time engaged, that the Russians are considerably superior in the numbers, and (always hitherto) in the quality of their troops. Without such assumption indeed the inquiry were worthless. We shall also take advantage of the opinions which military officers of distinction have expressed on this branch of the subject, trusting that its great importance at the present time will be an excuse for some little tedium of detail, which under the circumstances is inevitable. To save the constant recurrence of geographical explanation, we will make bold to recommend our readers to have before them any common map of Turkey in which the principal routes are given.

The natural features of the country present two grand lines of defence, at distances from one another varying from fifty to one hundred miles, and with an admirable position for a reserve, or for a third line of defence, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles of the second line. The first line is that of the Danube, with its fortresses. The second line is the range of the Balkan from Varna on the

coast, to the Ikhlman pass on the road between Tartar-Bayarjik and Sophia, including the position of Schumla, and the passes through the mountains. The third position is at Adrianople on the Maritza, and extends by the Kuchuk Balkan to Kirklish. In addition to these the country adjoining Constantinople is also very strong, and may even be considered as a fourth line of defence.

The length of the first line is about 350 miles, that of the second about 250, and the third nearly 50 miles.

The whole country is excessively unfavorable for military operations, from the difficulties of transport, the endless succession of strong positions, and above all from the terrible malaria which to European constitutions is even more destructive than the sword of the Ottoman.

With this general view before us of the theatre of operation we shall now give a précis of the two attacks by Russia upon Turkish territory which have occurred during the present century, namely the campaigns of 1809-11, and of 1828-9.

The Russians commenced the campaign of 1809 in the spring, with a nominal force of eighty thousand infantry, and twenty-five thousand horse, including Cossacks. They had already occupied, since 1807, Bucharest and the Danubian Principalities. The Turks, weakened by the sanguinary revolutions of the preceding year, could oppose no force in the field capable of meeting such formidable enemies. They prudently resolved, therefore, to throw strong garrisons into the fortresses on the Danube, and to wait the issue of events at Schumla, and on their second line, — that of the Balkan.

Prozorowsky, the Russian general, first attempted Giurgevo, opposite Rustchuk, by escalade. He was repulsed with the loss of two thousand men. He next tried the same too obvious method against Brahilow, where, after leaving seven thousand killed in the ditches he was again repulsed. The Turks, emboldened by these successes, ventured across the river at Giurgevo, and commenced ravaging Moldavia. To draw them off, Bagrathion, who now succeeded to the command of the Russian forces, Prozorowsky having died, attempted to besiege Silistria. The siege was shortly turned into a blockade, and ultimately raised altogether, in consequence of a repulse at Tartaritz. The Russians, however, succeeded in forcing Brahilow to capitulate towards the close of November, thus obtaining a fortress which ensured the passage of the Danube in the ensuing spring. This was their only success of any importance during the year, and we observe that the whole campaign consisted of mere desultory fighting on different points of the first line of defence — the Danube.

\* Valentini : *Guerres des Russes contre les Turcs*, p. 41.

The year 1810 was opened with the formal annexation of the Provinces to the Russian Empire, as has been already noticed. To support this audacious measure, the army on the Danube was reinforced to its original complement of 80,000 infantry and 30,000 horse. Kamenskoi was appointed to the command, and his plan of operations was as follows. The right wing was to besiege Silistria and Rustchuk, and thus secure the Lower Danube as a basis, while the remainder of the army were to advance upon Schumla, carry it by storm, and open the road to Constantinople.

The right wing accordingly crossed the Danube and invested Rustchuk; the left did not commence its operations till two months afterwards. It then besieged and took a few Danubian fortresses, mostly by holding out favorable conditions to their garrisons. Having secured, therefore, the immense advantage of a broad base of operations in the line of fortresses on the Lower Danube, and with no enemy in his immediate front or on his flank, Kamenskoi found his projects sufficiently advanced to make his assault on Schumla, the key of the Balkans, towards their eastern extremity, and the pivot of the second great line of defence. To carry this celebrated position, the Russian General took with him forty thousand men.

Schumla, situated on the northern slope of the Balkan, the point of junction of the roads from Rustchuk, Silistria, Ismael, etc. to Constantinople, commanding by its situation no less than three important passes, and with every natural advantage in its favor for the formation of a strong entrenched camp, has in all the late wars with the Russians been selected for the principal defensive position of the empire. The town itself is said to contain 30,000 inhabitants.

It is encompassed by a counterfort of the Balkan, in the form of a horse-shoe, the steep slopes of which, covered with the thickest thorn-bush, form a position as favorable as the Turkish soldier can desire, who is fond of fighting under the shelter of rising ground or entrenchments. The town, which is about a league in length and half a league in breadth, is protected by an earthen rampart and ditch, and in some places by a thick brick wall, flanked by small massive towers, from which five or six men could fire. Such is the nucleus of the entrenched camp, the contour of which is naturally indicated by the crests of the surrounding heights, which are well protected from attack by the ravines that intersect them, and the steepness of the declivities. The camp, by reason of its great extent, could scarcely be blockaded: while the place itself is perfectly secure from bombardment, allows ample space for the magazines of the army, and even contains within its circuit vineyards and gardens, and, above all, a stream of pure water.\*

\* Valéntini.

The camp was occupied at this time by 30,000 men, under the Grand Vizier, Kara-Yusuf Pasha, who had signalized himself by his defence of Acre, in conjunction with Sir Sidney Smith, against Napoleon. The Russians appeared before it on the 23rd of June. A desultory contest ensued, in which both parties fought with desperation for every eminence and every thicket. The assailants, however, gained but little ground, and on the 12th July abandoned the enterprize, retiring towards the Danube, and leaving a force, nominally to blockade, but in reality merely to watch the Turkish camp.

The Russian General next endeavored to wipe off this stain by the assault of Rustchuk. Conformably with the usual tactics of the Turks, the garrison had sat still without molesting the assailants in any way during their approaches. An easy victory was expected by the younger soldiers; the older ones were more dubious. The attack was conducted in five massive columns. Two out of the five were admitted, and instantly cut to pieces by the Turkish scimitars; the others were received with such a terrible fire from the ramparts, and roofs of the adjoining houses, that after twelve hours consumed in this hopeless contest, the Russian General yielded to necessity, and drew off his forces, leaving eight thousand killed and wounded on the ramparts, ditch, and glacis.

After this dreadful repulse, the Russians confined themselves to a blockade. A body of 30,000 Turks, consisting for the most part of raw militia, assembled to succor the place, but were attacked, and, after two days of severe fighting, defeated with great loss at Batin; in consequence of which Rustchuk capitulated, but on honorable terms. The campaign concluded with the siege and capture of Nicopolis, and the retirement of the Russians across the Danube for the winter. Kamenskoi soon after died, and was succeeded by the celebrated Kutusoff, afterwards the antagonist of Napoleon.

This campaign was therefore confined almost entirely to the Danube and the country between that river and the Balkan. An attempt on the latter position signally failed, but on the other hand, every place on the first great front of defence fell into the hands of the enemy. When we consider the relative disparity of forces, in number and in quality, this insignificant result may well surprise us: but we must remember that it is entirely due to the repulse of the attack upon Schumla; and the natural strength of that position, joined to the bravery of its defenders, saved once more the honor, if not the existence of the Ottomans, as it had before done when assaulted by Romanzoff in the middle of the last century.

The campaign of 1811 opened with a great reduction of the Russian forces, in consequence of the menacing state of the relations between St. Petersburg and the Tuileries. Kutusoff found no more than fifty thousand men at his disposal, and the Turks having rallied round their standards to the number of sixty to eighty thousand men, he necessarily stood on the defensive. The very interesting battle of Rostchuk, in which the characteristic qualities of the European infantry and Asiatic horse were so remarkably displayed, was the first occurrence of any note. Though victorious, Kutusoff felt his position to be insecure, with the Danube in his rear, and retired the whole of his forces across the river. The Turks having crossed in pursuit, fortified themselves on the opposite, or Wallachian bank; then followed the extraordinary action, in advance of Giurgevo, in which the Turkish fieldworks covering their bridge were literally surrounded by the Russian redoubts and their whole army shut up within their lines, while a Russian division, having crossed the river unperceived, gained command of the bridges in their rear and of the interior of the camp. A furious cannonade ensued, till the whole surviving Turkish force which had passed the river laid down their arms. Negotiations for peace were entered upon shortly after, and the campaign thus terminated.

Little or no use appears in these campaigns to have been made of the fleets on either side. This is explained, however, so far as the Russians are concerned, by the circumstance, that Varna, the great military post of Turkey, was untaken. An attempt on that fortress was made in the course of the second campaign, which, however, failed. On the other hand, both sides employed a large fleet of gun-boats on the Danube, which seems to be indispensable to operations on that river.

We now come to the Russian campaigns of 1828-9. The destruction of the janissaries, or military feudatories, holding their lands for services liable to be demanded in war, which had occurred three years before, had sapped, for the time at least, the main strength of the Ottoman Empire, by transferring its defence from the arm of the freeman to that of the conscript. The latter was no substitute for the former—the irregular violence of whose blows was but ill compensated by the attempted European discipline under the new system. Accordingly, we may be prepared to expect the most formidable defeat the Turkish Empire had yet sustained. Bad as it was, however, it was by no means easily achieved; and, as we shall presently see, it was accomplished at last far more by a successful stroke of generalship, than by the overwhelming force of the assailants. We do not usually, indeed, hear these campaigns spoken of in

this manner; but we imagine it will be evident that such was the case, from the following statement. So little is really known of this war, though occurring strictly in our own times, that it may be well to state the authorities we shall generally follow in the account. *The Portfolio*, or collection of State Papers, contains (vol. iii.), a "Précis of a Report on the Russian Campaigns of 1828 and 1829, drawn up, for the information of the Duke of Wellington, by Lieut.-Colonel Chesney." The Editor of that publication and the gallant and highly scientific officer, of whose report it purports to be a précis, being happily both living, we shall leave any question of authenticity to be settled, if necessary, between them—merely observing, however, that it bears upon its face the stamp of truth, under whatever circumstances it chanced to come into print. We shall rely in some measure also on the history by Valentini, from whom we have already largely quoted, and who, though evincing a strong bias in favor of his former companions in arms, and obtaining his information through Russian channels, shows, nevertheless, a regard for truth that may well qualify him for the first rank of military historians.

The Russians opened the campaign of 1828 with 160,000 men according to some, with only 100,000 according to others, by invading the Danubian Principalities, which they entered on the 8th of May. They are stated to have advanced without any previously arranged commissariat, acting probably on the old Roman, and afterwards Napoleonic maxim, of making war maintain war, and levying contributions on the peasants without payment. As might be expected, a scarcity ensued; fresh supplies were brought in from Russian Bessarabia by forced labor: famine preyed on the population of the country, a murrain consumed the cattle, and the plague broke out with intense energy at Bucharest, carrying off in the two years no less than 12,000 Russian soldiers. While these horrors were being perpetrated in their rear, the Russian army proceeded to the siege and capture of the fortresses in their way. Meanwhile, the Turks had assembled 31,800 infantry, and 13,000 cavalry at Schumla, under "the energetic Hussien Pacha." The Russians moved simultaneously against Varna, Silistria, and Schumla. Of these, however, at the termination of the campaign, on the arrival of winter, they had only succeeded in the capture of Varna, after a resistance of seventy days to the Russian batteries, and with two bastions demolished by their mines. The garrison did not risk an assault, with which the Turkish defence usually commences, and there appears reason to suppose the gates were partly opened with a golden key. The besiegers were materially assisted by their fleet. At the end of October, the sieges of Silistria and

Schumla were raised, and the Russians went into winter quarters. Thousands of men are said to have died of the plague in this campaign, and 30,000 horses were lost.

The winter of 1828-9 was marked by a total inactivity on the part of the Turks, and, as has been hitherto their wont, by great numbers of them returning to their homes. The Russians taught by the experience of the past year, made the most extensive preparations for the forthcoming campaign—the total inability to proceed without a full supply of provisions and stores laid up in a regular system of magazines, and forwarded to the fighting corps, by established and well-guarded lines of communication, having been fatally demonstrated.\*

At the commencement of the second campaign, the Russian army amounted in all to 150,000 men. The Turkish regular force was rather less than in the autumn of 1828. Forty-five thousand Russians proceeded to the siege of Silistria, which had been raised on the approach of winter. The remainder appear to have been placed in various positions menacing Schumla, and preparing for the passage of the Balkan should occasion offer.

Pravadi, a small town situated between Varna and Schumla, and on the road leading from Bazarjik, through Aidos, to Constantinople, was recognized by the Grand Vizier as an important strategical point, which would enable the Russians to turn the position of Schumla, and lay open the plains of Adrianople. Here the Russians had assembled 10,000 men. The Grand Vizier attacked it with 35,000 men; and whilst he was occupied in besieging it, Diebitsch planned and executed the passage of the Balkan.

"General Diebitsch marched from Silistria, desiring Generals Roth and Rudiger to enclose the Turks in the defiles of Pravadi (with the garrison of that place closing them in its rear), until he himself could arrive with his army. Meantime, Ibrahim Pacha, who was left at Schumla, summoned the Grand Vizier to his relief." A battle ensued, in the afternoon of the 11th June, at Kouleffja, in which, after a sanguinary conflict, and hemmed in on all sides, the Turks at length fled. "The Russians had in the battle 40,000 men and 100 guns."

The garrison of Schumla had, during the

\* A curious indication, with many others, of the long matured designs of Russia for an attack upon Turkey, is offered by the fact, well known in the London trade, that the Russian medical department purchased, at the commencement of the present year, four times their usual amount of quinine, the chief medicine for the intermittent fever arising from malaria. It is customary with that government to purchase six months' consumption at a time. The order was this year for an amount equal to two years' consumption. The circumstance occasioned much surprise, until the mystery was solved by recent events.

battle, made a diversion in the rear of the Russians; but became, as it would appear, panic-struck, to which the Turks are peculiarly liable, retired with haste, and even abandoned the redoubts in front of Schumla. Had General Diebitsch followed up his victory, which, however, he may not have been in a position to do, he must have carried Schumla itself. Two days afterwards, the Grand Vizier regained that encampment with 30,000 men; having lost in the engagement at Pravadi 3000, and the Russians very few less.

Silistria surrendered, on the 30th June, for want of ammunition—the Russians having effected two practicable breaches, and prepared five mines. The Turks, having expended their powder, could not risk an assault, or history might have recorded a second Rustchuk.

General Diebitsch then made a feint of attacking Schumla, till the Grand Vizier had recalled his detachments from all the passes. In order further to deceive the Turks, Diebitsch retreated on Jeni-Bazaar, six leagues on the road to Silistria. He then turned suddenly towards Devra and Keuprikioi. In order to pass the Balkan, each soldier was supplied with four days' food, and the wagons brought sufficient for ten days' more. Ten thousand men were left to watch Schumla, and to assault it if the Vizier moved. The Vizier sent instantly 10,000 men to intercept Diebitsch at Keuprikioi; but the Russians had already passed through, and were on their way to Selimnia. The Russians passed the Balkan with only forty thousand men; of whom, in ten days afterwards, ten thousand were in the hospitals. If the Turks had shown front, from place to place, the Russians must have retreated towards the sea for provisions.

Thus the famous Balkans, with the Great Gate of Constantinople, as we may fairly term Schumla, were effectually turned. The fall of Adrianople succeeded, and Turkey appeared for the first time prostrate under its conqueror. It is very doubtful how far this was really the case. The Russians at Adrianople, could not bring forty thousand men into the field. Their line of communication was insecure, and their troops were dying off by thousands. "Of six thousand sick at Adrianople, every one died in three months." The total loss of the Russians in the two campaigns is calculated at the frightful number of "one hundred and forty thousand men and fifty thousand horses."\*

It is quite clear from the above narrative that the Balkans ought not to have been forced, and that the success of this daring passage of arms was due rather to the skill of the gener-

\* It is only proper to observe that the account given in *The Portfolio*, from which the parts above quoted are drawn, appears essentially Turkish. We may rely however on the general facts here stated.

al than to the want of bravery or of ability in the defenders. It was an event which may or may not recur, but with strong chances against the repetition. The forces, moreover, were very unequally matched, and yet the Turks lost but little ground in the first campaign, and, but for their misfortune at Pravadi, would probably have lost but a few fortresses in the second. The Russians again had the entire command of the sea, on which their left flank rested, with Varna as their base, and their fleet was of incalculable service in the siege and capture of Sizepoli, a fortress on the coast commanding the harbor of Bourgas, in the early part of the campaign, which gave them a ready communication with the sea for provisions and ammunition after crossing the Balkan.

We have in the above accounts gone somewhat into detail, in order to bring before our readers the real state of the matter, as it has been laid open by past wars. We confess, at the same time, to having another and more immediately important object,—to inspire a wholesome confidence in the public mind, not only in the justice of the cause on which this great country has (virtually) embarked, but also in its perfect ability to uphold the same if necessary, by force of arms, as we now hope to show.

Out of the five campaigns above sketched, the Russians gained a decisive success in but one. It by no means appears that they would have gained this but for two circumstances—their command of the sea, which, with the possession of Varna and Sizepoli, ensured in some degree their communications and supplies, and, as we have before said, a very successful stroke of generalship. What, then, would have happened had there been forty thousand French and British troops covering Adrianople? What, if British and French fleets had maintained the line of the coast, and prevented any Russian squadrons or transports from accompanying or supplying their troops on the march? It is obvious the thing could not have been attempted at all. It is not, indeed, equally obvious that Varna would not have been captured; but it is not impossible that in Turkish hands, with the assistance of a friendly squadron, that most important place, with respect both to land and sea operations, would have proved a second Acre. Varna, as covering the right flank of the great positions on the Balkan, and as, conjointly with Constantinople, a basis of naval operations against Odessa and Sebastopol, should be defended, it is clear, to the last, in any war of defence undertaken by the western nations on behalf of Turkey.

Adrianople, the second city in the empire, next claims our attention. Placed at the confluence of the Maritza, the Toundja and the

Arda; being the point to which the roads from the various passes of the Balkan converge, with exception alone of that from Aidos; possessing water communication with the Levant for vessels of moderate tonnage, by the Maritza and the Gulf of Enos; thus at once covering the approaches on Constantinople and supporting the positions of the Balkan—seems marked out by its position as the last bulwark of the empire. Marshal Marmont, who, in the earlier part of his career had made Turkey his special study (having been ordered by Napoleon, after the treaty of Tilsit, to send officers into the country on various pretexts, to examine and report upon its military capabilities), and who in the latter part of his life, when an exile, revisited the scene of his former labors, has left us an instructive chapter on the relations of that empire to the various European Powers and on the strategical advantages of Adrianople in particular. The picture, indeed, which he draws is the exact reverse of what is now the case—he presumes the Russians to have entered Turkey, and, with the consent of the Turks, to be holding it against Austria, France and England. After providing for the security of the Dardanelles and of Constantinople, he proposes to place the “remainder of the army, that is to say, forty thousand men at Adrianople, and to form there an entrenched camp, similar to the fortifications around Lintz, consisting of an extended system of towers, and with due advantage taken of the rivers which there flow into the Maritza. Eighteen or twenty towers would render that post unassailable; an army of thirty to forty thousand men could not be shut up within it, while it would hold one of eighty thousand in check, who could not venture to leave it in their rear.”\* The accomplished author subsequently considers the opposite case, of the western nations becoming the defenders of Turkey, and candidly admits that the brilliant advantages he had depicted as accruing to the Russians from a presumed defensive position taken in Turkey with the consent of the Turks, belong in truth to the first occupant. The sentence which follows is so curiously illustrative of (in part at least) the present situation, that we cannot resist transcribing it *verbatim* merely premising that the work was published in 1837:—

En effet, si une flotte française et anglaise, passe le détroit des Dardanelles, et arrive à Constantinople: si en même temps un corps de cinquante mille hommes de l’alliance, autrichien ou français, vient prendre position à Andrinople, et y établit le camp retranché dont j’ai parlé, alors les Russes ont d’immenses difficultés à vaincre pour enlever ces positions à leurs ennemis: dès ce moment leur escadre rentre à Sébastopol, et n’en sort plus, etc. etc.†

\* *Voyage du Marechal Duc de Raguse*, ii. 121.

† *Ibid.* p. 126.



Put "British" for "Austrian," in the category of troops which should be opposed, if the worst came to the worst, to Russian aggression, and the picture would seem not unlikely to be realized.

We have purposely abstained from touching on the grave question, "What is to be done with Turkey?" It is, indeed, a question the responsibilities of which may well make statesmen tremble. But we fail to perceive that the course of Providence has yet put it to us. What we do know is our present plain path of duty. No verbal sophisms, no diplomatic niceties, no risk even to our own beloved land, must keep us from *that*. A nation, like an individual, has an end for which to live. Better to cease to live than give up that end for which it came into being. "Death before dishonor." Right is at this moment invaded by unjust power, and the strong arm of the

brave must come, if needs be, to the rescue. A "wilful King" aims at interference with the manifest course of Providential government, to turn its righteous decrees to his own account. He invades under the name of peace. To justify his violence he pleads facts that never had being, and principles that have no place save in the mind that blinds itself to the real truth of things. Let the wise take warning. What will be the end we know not yet. But our hope is in Him who "giveth not the race to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." And with truth and justice, and that sympathy which was not withheld even from the outcast Samaritan—all these for us, we may surely quote against the northern invader, his own biblical motto for the war, if to war we at last be driven—DOMINE IN TE SPERAVI, NE CONFUNDAR IN AETERNUM.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE, NEW YORK.—A correspondent of the Boston *Daily Advertiser* pays a well-merited tribute to the management of the Crystal Palace:—

"Whatever spiteful things may be said of the exhibition as a 'speculation,' it must be acknowledged by the most contemptuous, that the directors and officers who have controlled the management have acted, on the whole, with an enlarged and liberal spirit and in a manner creditable to the country. There have been no indications of a parsimonious disposition in the arrangements; and whatever may have been the shortcomings of the exhibition, it has certainly been an affair of splendor unprecedented in this country, and highly beneficial to her best interests."

The same writer gives some entertaining details relating to the fair:—

"Before dismissing the exhibition, and at the risk of spoiling the effect of the last sentence, I must repeat some of the amusing sayings of the visitors. One of these is told by Mrs. Kirkland, in the opening article of the December number of *Putnam's Monthly* (an excellent number, by the way, of this most excellent magazine)—a visitor, gazing at Thorwaldsen's group of the Saviour and Apostles, read the names which are placed above the separate figures, beginning at the left hand as follows: 'Thomas, James, Andrew,' and said, 'Yes, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, Andrew Jackson; but Bartholomew—who's Bartholomew?' A more ungraceful question than would now be that of last year, 'Who's Frank Pierce?' Another admirer of the fine arts, enjoying the beauty of a figure of the Sabina, so exquisitely described in Milton's *Comus*, after a hasty reference to her catalogue, styled it 'Sabine, one of the old Roman heroes!' and desiring to be directed to the French governmental court, one of our fair countrywomen more original even than the last, inquired where she might find the 'Hobgoblin Tapestry!' These

amusing expressions are not fancy inventions. I had each of them on authorities which established them as genuine."

NEVER LOOK A GIFT HORSE IN THE MOUTH! — This very familiar and often-repeated saying takes its origin from a circumstance which occurred many years ago in the vicinity of Carlisle. Two farmers, who had been neighbors for many years, and who had lived upon very friendly terms, mutually agreed, that whichever died first should leave to the other a valuable consideration, not specifying, however, what it was to be. The one was called Martin Timson, and the other David Dean. David was called away first, and bequeathed to Martin a favorite horse. When it was communicated to the latter, he manifested a great deal of disappointment, and observed, that, "He did expect something better than an old horse." "Not so old, neither," said the party who had brought him the information. A dispute now arose about the age, and it was agreed to go to the stable and examine it. Martin went up to the horse's head, and in the act of opening its mouth to look at its teeth, the horse made a snatch and bit his nose off. A mortification in a few hours ensued, and, strange to say, Martin followed David to the grave. Hence came the saying, "Never look a Gift Horse in the Mouth." — *Pulley's Etymological Compendium*.

Alfred Tennyson, the poet laureate, put up by the liberal party in Glasgow University, as a candidate against Lord Eglington, of the "Tournament," has contested the election of Lord Rector, and been defeated.

*The Wind-Spirit and the Rain-Goddess.* From the German of Schlimpert. With many Woodcuts. Crosby, Nichols, & Co.: Boston.

From the Tribune.

### PROFITS ON BOOKS IN AMERICA.

LETTERS ON INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT. BY H. C. CAREY. 8vo. pp. 72. PHILADELPHIA: A. HART.

THESE letters were written in reply to a request from the Hon. Mr. Cooper, a Pennsylvania Senator in Congress, for information on the subject of International Copyright. Mr. Carey argues against the proposed treaty, now awaiting the action of the Senate, on the ground that it is an attempt to substitute the action of the Executive for that of the Legislature, contrary, as he believes, to the spirit, if not to the letter of the Constitution. Proceeding then to general considerations, he maintains that an International Copyright is not demanded by justice, because the materials which compose an author's productions are the common property of the world, the original discoverers in science and art neither receiving nor claiming any reward for their ideas. The poverty of English authors, moreover, which is urged as a reason for International Copyright, is not caused by the want of such an arrangement, but by the limited home-market for their productions, and this is the fruit of the growing tendency toward centralization, so obvious in every part of the operations of the British Empire. The adoption of the International Copyright, in Mr. Carey's opinion, would tend to diminish the domestic competition for the production of books, and increase our dependence on foreigners for the means of amusement and instruction.

Reserving the examination of these and other positions of Mr. Carey to another occasion, we give below some of the various curious statistical details, with which he attempts to illustrate the subject.

In regard to the poverty of English writers, Mr. Carey says:

Mrs. Inchbald, so well known as the author of the *Simple Story*, and other novels, as well as in her capacity of editor, dragged on, as we are told, to the age of sixty, a miserable existence, living always in mean lodgings, and suffering frequently from want of the common comforts of life. Lady Morgan, so well known as Miss Owenon, a brilliant and accomplished woman, is now dependent altogether upon the public charity, administered in the form of a pension of less than five hundred dollars a year. Mrs. Hemans, the universally admired poetess, lived and died in poverty. Laman Blanchard lost his senses, and committed suicide in consequence of being compelled, by his extreme poverty, to the effort of writing an article for a periodical while his wife lay a corpse in the house. Miss Mitford, so well known to all of us, found herself, after a life of close economy, so greatly reduced as to have been under the necessity of applying to her

American readers for means to extricate her little property from the rude hands of the sheriff. Like Lady Morgan, she is now a public pensioner. Leigh Hunt is likewise dependent on the public charity. Tom Hood, so well known by his *Song of a Shirt*—the delight of his readers, and a mine of wealth to his publishers; a man without vices, and of untiring industry—lived always from day to day on the produce of his labor. On his death-bed, when his lungs were so worn with consumption that he could breathe only through a silver tube, he was obliged to be propped up with pillows, and with shaking hand and dizzy head, forced himself to the task of amusing his readers, that he might thereby obtain bread for his unhappy wife and children. With all his reputation, Moore found it difficult to support his family, and all the comfort of his declining years was due to the charity of his friend, Lord Lansdowne. In one of his letters from Germany, Campbell expresses himself transported with joy at hearing that a double edition of his poems had just been published in London. "This unexpected fifty pounds," says he, "saves me from jail." Haynes Bayley died in extreme poverty. Similar statements are furnished us in relation to numerous others who have, by the use of their pens, largely contributed to the enjoyment and the instruction of the people of Great Britain. It would, indeed, be difficult to find very many cases in which it had been otherwise with persons exclusively dependent on the produce of literary labor. With few and brilliant exceptions, their condition appears to have been, and to be, one of almost hopeless poverty. Scarcely anything short of this, indeed, would induce the acceptance of the public charity that is occasionally doled out in the form of pensions on the literary fund.

The cause of this is the limited circulation that is attained by the works of even the most popular authors, with certain exceptions, which confirm the rule.

Popular as was Captain Marryat, the first editions of his books were, as he himself informed me, for some time only 1,500, and had not then risen above 2,000. Of Mr. Bulwer's novels, so universally popular, the first edition never exceeded 2,500; and so it has been, and is, with others. With all Mr. Thackeray's popularity, the sale of his books, has, I believe, rarely gone beyond 6,000 for the supply of above thirty millions of people. Occasionally, a single author is enabled to fix the attention of the public, and he is enabled to make a fortune—not from the sale of large quantities at low prices, but of moderate quantities at high prices. The chief case of the kind now in England is that of Mr. Dickens, who sells for twenty shillings a book that costs about four shillings and sixpence to make, and charges his fellow-laborers in the field of literature an enormous price for the privilege of attaching to his numbers the advertisements of their work, as is shown in the following paragraph from one of the journals of the day:—

"Thus far, no writer has succeeded in drawing so large pecuniary profits from the exercise of

his talents as Charles Dickens. His last romance, *Bleak House*, which appeared in monthly numbers, and had so wide a circulation in that form that it became a valuable medium for advertising, so that before its close the few pages of the tale were completely lost in sheets of advertisements which were stitched to them. The lowest price for such an advertisement was £1 sterling, and many were paid for at the rate of £5 and £6. From this there is nothing improbable in the supposition that, in addition to the large sum received for the tale, its author gained some £15,000 by his advertising sheets. The *Household Words* produces an income of about £4,000, though Dickens, having put it entirely in the hands of an assistant editor, has nothing to do with it beyond furnishing a weekly article. Thro' his talents alone he has raised himself from the position of a newspaper reporter to that of a literary Cæsar.

In this country the case is different. The productions of English literature find a far more abundant market.

In strong contrast with the limited sale of English books at home, is the great extent of sale here, as shown in the following facts: Of the octavo edition of the *Modern British Essayist*, there have been sold in five years no less than 80,000 volumes. Of Macaulay's *Miscellanies*, 3 vols., 12mo., the sale has amounted to 60,000 volumes. Of Miss Aguilair's writings, the sale, in two years, has been 100,000 volumes. Of Murray's *Encyclopedia of Geography*, more than 50,000 volumes have been sold, and of McCulloch's *Commercial Dictionary*, 10,000 volumes. Of Alexander Smith's *Poems*, the sale, in a few months, has reached 10,000 copies. The sale of Mr. Thackeray's works has been quadruple that of England, and that of the works of Mr. Dickens counts almost by millions of volumes. Of *Bleak House*, in all its various forms—in newspapers, magazines, and volumes—it has already amounted to several hundred thousands of copies. Of Bulwer's last novel, since it was completed, the sale has, I am told, exceeded 35,000. Of Thiers's *French Revolution and Consulate*, there have been sold 32,000, and of Montagu's edition of Lord Bacon's works, 4,000 copies.

Liberal as is the support extended to reprints of foreign books, a still wider patronage is accorded to native productions, which, compared with the former, are in the proportion of three to one.

Of all American authors, those of school-books excepted, there is no one of whose books so many have been circulated as those of Mr. Irving. Prior to the publication of the edition recently issued by Putnam, the sale had amounted to some hundreds of thousands; and yet of that edition, selling at \$1.25 per volume, it has already amounted to 144,000 vols. Of *Uncle Tom*, the sale has amounted to 295,000 copies, partly in one, and partly in two volumes; and the total number of volumes amounts, probably, to about 450,000.

|   | PRICE PER VOL. | VOLS.   |
|---|----------------|---------|
| Of the two works of Miss Warner, <i>Queechy</i> , and the <i>Wide, Wide World</i> , the price and sale have been..... | \$ 88          | 104,000 |
| <i>Fern Leaves</i> , by Fanny Fern, in six months   | 1 25           | 45,000  |
| <i>Reveries of a Bachelor</i> , and other books, by Ike Marvel.....   | 1 25           | 70,000  |
| <i>Alderbrook</i> , by Fanny Forrester, 3 vols.   | 50             | 33,000  |
| <i>Northup's Twelve Years a Slave</i> .....   | 1 00           | 20,000  |
| <i>Novels of Mrs. Hentz</i> , in three years....  | 63             | 93,000  |
| <i>Major Jones's Courtship and Travels</i> ....   | 50             | 31,000  |
| <i>Salad for the Solitary</i> , by a new author, in five months.....  | 1 25           | 5,000   |
| Headley's <i>Napoleon and his Marshals</i> , Washington and his Generals, and other works.....                        | 1 25           | 200,000 |
| Stephens's <i>Travels in Egypt and Greece</i>   | 87             | 80,000  |
| Stephens's <i>Travels in Yucatan and Central America</i> .....  | 2 50           | 60,000  |
| Kendall's <i>Expedition to Santa Fe</i> .....   | 1 25           | 40,000  |
| Lynch's <i>Expedition to the Dead Sea</i> , 8vo.  | 3 00           | 15,000  |
| Lynch's <i>Expedition to the Dead Sea</i> , 12mo.   | 1 25           | 5,000   |
| <i>Western Scenes</i> .....   | 2 50           | 15,000  |
| Young's <i>Science of Government</i> .....  | 1 00           | 12,000  |
| Seward's <i>Life of John Quincy Adams</i> .....   | 1 00           | 30,000  |
| Frost's <i>Pictorial History of the World</i> , 3 v.  | 2 50           | 60,000  |
| Sparks's <i>American Biography</i> , 25 vols.   | 75             | 100,000 |
| <i>Encyclopedia Americana</i> , 14 vols. ....   | 2 00           | 280,000 |
| Griswold's <i>Poets and Prose Writers of America</i> , 3 vols. ....   | 75             | 300,000 |
| Alken's <i>Christian Minstrel</i> , in two years  | 62             | 40,000  |
| Alexander on the <i>Psalms</i> , 3 vols. ....   | 1 17           | 10,000  |
| Buist's <i>Flower-Garden Directory</i> .....  | 1 25           | 10,000  |
| Cole on <i>Fruit-Trees</i> , 8vo. ....  | 50             | 15,000  |
| Cole on <i>Diseases of Domestic Animals</i> ....  | 50             | 34,000  |
| Downing's <i>Fruits and Fruit Trees</i> .....   | 1 50           | 15,000  |
| Downing's <i>Rural Essays</i> .....   | 3 50           | 8,000   |
| Downing's <i>Landscape Gardening</i> .....  | 3 50           | 9,000   |
| Downing's <i>Cottage Residences</i> .....   | 2 00           | 6,250   |
| Downing's <i>Country Homes</i> .....  | 4 00           | 3,500   |
| Mahan's <i>Civil Engineering</i> .....  | 3 00           | 7,500   |
| Leslie's <i>Cookery and Receipt Books</i> .....   | 1 00           | 90,000  |
| Guyot's <i>Lectures on Earth and Man</i> ....   | 1 00           | 6,000   |
| Wood and Bache's <i>Medical Dispensary</i> ....   | 5 00           | 60,000  |
| Dunglison's <i>Medical Writings</i> , in all 10 v.  | 2 50           | 50,000  |
| <i>Panicoast's Surgery</i> , 4to. ....  | 10 00          | 4,000   |
| Hayer, Ricord, and Moreau's <i>Surgical Works</i> (translations).....   | 15 00          | 5,500   |
| Webster's <i>Works</i> , 6 vols. ....   | 2 00           | 46,800  |
| Kent's <i>Commentaries</i> , 4 vols. ....   | 8 33           | 84,000  |

Next to Chancellor Kent's work comes Greenleaf on *Evidence*, 3 vols., \$16.50; the sale of which has been exceedingly great, but what has been its extent, I cannot say.

Of Blatchford's *General Statutes of New York*, a local work, price \$4.50, the sale has been 3,000; equal to almost 30,000 of a similar work for the United Kingdom.

How great is the sale of Judge Story's books can be judged only from the fact that the copyright now yields, and for years past has yielded, more than \$8,000 per annum. Of the sale of Mr. Prescott's works, little is certainly known; but it cannot, I understand, have been less than 160,000 volumes. That of Mr. Bancroft's *History* has already risen, certainly to 30,000 copies, and I am told it is considerably more; and yet even that is a sale, for such a work, entirely unprecedented.

Of the works of Hawthorne, Longfellow, Bryant, Willis, Curtis, Sedgwick, Sigourney, and numerous others, the sale is exceedingly great; but, as not even an approximation to the true amount can be offered, I must leave it to you to judge of it by comparison with those of less popular authors above enumerated. In several of these cases, beautifully illustrated editions have been published, of which large numbers have been sold. Of Mr. Longfellow's volume there have no less than ten editions. These various facts

will probably suffice to satisfy you that this country presents a market for books of almost every description, unparalled in the world.

In regard to the amount received by successful American authors, Mr. Carey makes some statements, which will be new to most readers.

I have now before me a statement from a single publisher, in which he says that to Messrs. Willis, Longfellow, Bryant, and Alston, his price was uniformly \$50 for a poetical article, long or short—and his readers know that they were generally very short; in one case, only fourteen lines. To numerous others, it was from \$25 to \$40. In one case, he has paid \$25 per page for prose. To Mr. Cooper he paid \$1,800 for a novel, and \$1,000 for a series of naval biographies, the author retaining the copy-right for separate publication; and in such cases, if the work be good, its appearance in the magazine acts as the best of advertisements. To Mr. James he paid \$1,200 for a novel, leaving him also the copy-right. For a single Number of his journal he has paid to authors \$1,500. The total amount paid for original matter by two magazines—the selling price of which is \$3 per annum—in ten years, has exceeded \$130,000; giving an average of \$13,000 per annum. The Messrs. Harper inform me that the expenditure for literary and artistic labor required for their magazine is \$2,000 per month, or \$24,000 a year.

Passing upwards, we reach the producers of books, and here we find rewards not, I believe, to be paralleled elsewhere. Mr. Irving stands, I imagine, at the head of living authors for the amount received for his books. The sums paid to the renowned Peter Parley must have been enormously great, but what have been their extent I have no means of ascertaining. Mr. Mitchell, the geographer, has realized a handsome fortune from his school-books. Professor Davies is understood to have received more than \$50,000 from the series published by him. The Abbotts, Emerson, and numerous other authors engaged in the preparation of books for young persons and schools, are largely paid. Professor Anthon, we are informed, has received more than \$60,000 for his series of classics. The French series of Mr. Bolmar has yielded him upwards of \$20,000. The school geography of Mr. Morse is stated to have yielded more than \$20,000 to the author. A single medical book, of one 8vo. volume, is understood to have produced its authors \$60,000, and a series of medical books has given to its author probably \$30,000. Mr. Downing's receipts from his books must have been very large. The two works of Miss Warner must have already yielded her from \$12,000 to \$15,000, and perhaps much more. Mr. Headley is stated to have received about \$40,000; and the few books of Ike Marvel have yielded him about \$20,000; a single one, *The Reveries of a Bachelor*, produced more than \$4,000 the first six months. Mrs. Stowe has been very largely paid. Miss Leslie's Cookery and Receipt books have paid her \$12,000. Dr. Barnes is stated to have received more than \$30,000 for the copy-right of his religious works. Fanny Fern has probably

received not less than \$6,000 for the 12mo volume published but six months since. Mr. Prescott was stated, several years since, to have then received \$90,000 from his books, and I have never seen it contradicted. According to the rate of compensation generally understood to be received by Mr. Bancroft, the present sale of each volume of his yields him more than \$15,000, and he has the long period of forty-two years for future sale. Judge Story died, as has been stated, in the receipt of more than \$8,000 per annum; and the amount has not, as it is understood, diminished. Mr. Webster's works, in three years, can scarcely have paid less than \$25,000. Kent's Commentaries are understood to have yielded to their author and his heirs more than \$120,000, and if we add to this for the remainder of the period only one half of this sum, we shall obtain \$180,000, or \$45,000 as the compensation for a single 8vo. volume, a reward for literary labor unexampled in history. What has been the amount received by Professor Greenleaf I cannot learn, but his works stand second only, in the legal line, to that of Chancellor Kent. The price paid for Webster's 8vo. Dictionary is understood to be fifty cents per copy; and if so, with a sale of 250,000, it must already have reached \$125,000. If now to this we add the quarto, at only a dollar a copy, we shall have a sum approaching to, and perhaps exceeding, \$180,000; more, probably, than has been paid for all the dictionaries of Europe in the same period of time. What have been the prices paid to Messrs. Hawthorne, Longfellow, Bryant, Willis, Curtis, and numerous others, I cannot say; but it is well known that they have been very large. It is not, however, only the few who are liberally paid; all are so who manifest any ability, and here it is that we find the effect of the decentralizing system of this country as compared with the centralizing one of Great Britain. There Mr. Macaulay is largely paid for his Essays, while men of almost equal ability can scarcely obtain the means of support. Dickens is a literary Cræsus, and Tom Hood dies leaving his family in hopeless poverty. Such is not here the case. Any manifestation of ability is sure to produce claimants for the publication of books. No sooner had the story of 'Hot Corn' appeared in *The Tribune*, than a dozen booksellers were applicants to the author for a book. The competition is here for the purchase of the privilege of printing, and this competition is not confined to the publishers of a single city, as is the case in Britain. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and even Auburn and Cincinnati, present numerous publishers, all anxious to secure the works of writers of ability, in any department of literature; and were it possible to present a complete list of our well-paid authors, its extent could not fail to surprise you greatly, as the very few facts that have come to my knowledge in reference to some of the lesser stars in the literary world have done by me. You will observe that I have confined myself to the question of demand for books and compensation to their authors, without reference to that of the ability displayed in their preparation. That we may have good books, all that is required is that we make a large market

for them, which is done here to an extent elsewhere unknown.

With these extracts we leave Mr. Carey's pamphlet for the present, and may hereafter remark on the inferences which legitimately follow from his statistics.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

### THE LECTURE SYSTEM.

ARE our readers aware of the extent to which the practice of giving popular courses of lectures prevails? It has come to be, indeed, an established, and, we are inclined to believe, a permanent mode of influencing public opinion. In nearly all the cities and larger towns of New England, and of the middle and western states, (other institutions being preferred in the southern,) there are lyceums and young men's associations, whose main function consists in providing their respective publics with distinguished and able lecturers from abroad. Some twelve or sixteen different discourses are thus heard by each of these bodies in the course of the winter, furnishing them no small variety of entertainment and instruction. A small entrance fee, generally a shilling an evening, secures ample receipts, enough in the aggregate, to cover all necessary expenses, including a satisfactory payment to the speakers.

The audiences which attend these performances are, in most cases, numerous, intelligent, and respectable, while the lecturers are selected from among the most eminent men of all professions, but chiefly from the editors, clergy, professors in colleges, and authors. Writers and speakers, such as Mr. Emerson, Dr. Bethune, Dr. Dewey, Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Potter, George Curtis, John P. Hale, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Horace Greeley, Horace Mann and others, are in extensive request, and some of them find their exertions largely rewarded. One of these gentlemen, we have been told, will pocket not less than three thousand dollars for his winter's labors; and others smaller sums, varying from five hundred to two thousand dollars. But the money, it should be remembered, is not easily earned, for it is no trifling business to travel over the whole country in the depth of winter, and deliver fifty or sixty lectures, or, which amounts to the same thing, to deliver the same lecture fifty or sixty times.

As yet the system is not thoroughly organized, but it is improving every year. The audiences are getting more critical, and begin to demand the highest order of talent in their speakers. Mere flashy orators, with a teeming plenitude of words and a large lack of ideas, are becoming less acceptable everywhere than

men of original thought, scholarly accomplishments, or sound learning. In the larger towns, in fact, a scientific course is often adjoined to the popular course, requiring the service of such professors as Agassiz, Gould, etc. As an evidence of what is demanded of lecturers now, we quote a criticism from a Buffalo paper on a performance of Mr. Whipple, who is considered by many one of the most pleasing of the modern peripatetics. It says:

It is because we are sensible of the good taste and discrimination of a large majority of those who heard Mr. Whipple last evening, that we feel no hesitation in expressing our conviction that the lecture fell very far short of the expectations which had been excited. We do not intend to say that it was not tolerably successful, nor that it was deficient in a certain kind of attractiveness. To those who had not previously heard or read the very old anecdotes with which the composition abounded from first to last, and of which the gay Earl of Rochester, the Duchess of Marlborough, Charles Lamb, and numerous other equally well known individuals were the subjects, the lecture may have been unusually amusing; but we are very much mistaken if the greater portion of the audience did not find themselves endeavoring to smile good naturedly at stale jokes and incidents as familiar to them as to the speaker himself.

Stripped of these gaudy but somewhat worn and rusty ornaments, we could find but little in Mr. Whipple's discourse calculated to instruct or interest an audience. "Eccentricities" of all kinds were handled in a severe, and sometimes in a happy manner; and yet we could not resist the impression that the eccentricity of egotism was very aptly illustrated by the lecturer himself. A florid, stilted style; an evident straining after effect in words and manner, imparting an artificial appearance to the most finished passages of the essay; an eager desire to impress his hearers with a sense of the extent of his knowledge on a variety of topics, and now and then a stringing together of very fine words into very short sentences, conveyed to our mind a suspicion that some of the arrows of sarcasm might, in their recoil, have wounded the archer himself, had not the breast-plate of self-conceit been well-tempered enough to blunt their sharp edges and turn them harmlessly aside.

Again, a Detroit paper devotes one or two columns to a severe examination of Mr. Curtis's lecture on "Young America," in which, after a deserved recognition of the fertile and brilliant powers of his imagination, it takes his logic to task. A Rochester paper, too, we observe, speaks of a lecture by Mr. Parke Godwin, as "too compact and hard-meated for a popular address"—criticism which shows that popular audiences are coming to be pretty trying ordeals, and which must have a beneficial effect on the lecturers.

If the editors of the local newspapers will hold lecturers responsible to the same high



standard, the system will become an instrument of unmixed good. It will force the lecturers to prepare themselves with care and study, and furnish the societies with a higher quality of instruction and pleasure. But the utmost liberality should be shown in the choice of speakers, embracing noted men of every variety of doctrine, and perhaps of every variety of style. There is no better intellectual discipline than the habit of hearing the different sides of important questions discussed, in a dignified yet earnest way, by persons who represent the most adverse positions. If truth is not always sifted from error by the process, the mind of the listener, at least, is discharged of its bigotry and prejudices, and put in a condition to weigh evidence properly, and draw correct conclusions.

We have a special interest in commending this system of lectures, because, apart from the good it may diffuse among the auditory, it opens, to use a mercantile phrase, new markets for literary ventures. It remedies, to some extent, the gross injustice of our government in refusing to recognize the most obvious and positive rights of our native authors, by its stubborn hostility to an international copyright. As the wares of authors get more in demand, the prices paid for them will rise, and a decent subsistence at least become possible to the literary profession. Newspapers and lectures, by the enlarged fields which they afford to talent, and the superior remuneration they are enabled to give, will compel the publishers of books and magazines to be more liberal in their dealings. No man of genius who can make a thousand dollars by delivering his essay as a lecture, will dispose of it to "the trade" for fifty dollars. He will prefer keeping it for further use to allowing it to be printed.

#### A NEW THEORY OF THE POTATO DISEASE AND ITS REMEDY.

The following very interesting paper, by David Ferguson, Esq., was read by the Rev. Mr. Porter, before the Kilkenny Literary and Scientific Institution. Prefixed to it being an engagement by Mr. Ferguson to pay the £500 promised in the paper, when the Council of the Literary and Scientific Institution of Kilkenny decide it fairly gained. The Provincial Bank of Ireland, Kilkenny, is named as reference. The seed mentioned in the paper may be obtained from Robert Molyneux, Esq., John's Bridge, and from Mr. William Bryan, Scotch House, Kilkenny.—

[*London Farmers' Magazine.*]

The potato plant is only an annual, empowered by God with two modes of reproduction. The one, like the oak tree, lives only for years; the other, like the acorn, liveth forever. Both reproductions are de-

posits from the plant, different in chemical properties; "*live and die*" independent of each other, with the plant providing for, but independent of both.

Here, (exhibiting a potato stalk), is the plant. This stalk, with its small fibres, is the annual. These eight apples upon the top possess each from three hundred to three hundred and twenty seeds; each seed has the germ of a plant with seed lobes, which perform the same office to the germ that the yolk of an egg does to the germ of a bird, supplying it with nutriment until all its parts are perfected by germination to supply itself.

Hence the seed of the potato apple is, like the acorn of the oak, the seed in the apple of the tree, or the egg of a hen. These eight potatoes at the bottom of the stalk possess each a quantity of eyes; each eye possesses the same property for a time that the seed or egg of a hen does; but the potato, like the tree and hen, *becomes* aged and past bearing; the oak lives after it *ceases* to bear, as do also the apple tree and the hen, and *so also* does the potato. But the oak, the apple tree, and the hen die from age, and why not also the potato? Has nature made it an exception?

Besides, like the oak, the apple tree, and hen, the potato has a graduating scale of ascending and descending life. Here, (exhibiting a potato stalk), is a plant grown direct from the seed. Observe the potatoes are small, like marbles. This stalk blossomed, but had not strength to form an apple. Here, (exhibiting a large stalk), is another which is one year older. Observe the difference in the bulk of the tubers which are produced. They may be compared to a small egg increasing. This stalk also blossomed, and potatoes thus grown from seed continue to blossom up to five years, and then first begin to form apples. Here (exhibiting a stalk) is a plant six years old, which bore an apple; consequently, I call the parent of this apple a potato; the plants before it not being able to perform the functions of a potato, I call germs, Nos. 1, 2, 3, and so on, ascending according to their age.

Now, to get at the descending germ, let us take this lump (now exhibited.) I can trace the history of this kind of potato back to the year 1818; and I am told that, from 1825 to 1835, it was so charged with vitality that it would grow without manure in any soil, of large size, and producing one hundred and sixty barrels to the acre, but of a quality more fit for cattle than for man. Then was the time to take seeds from its apples, and have the young rising into strength for cattle, and the old losing strength, but becoming more dry and floury, for man's use.

This lump, once the prince of potatoes, like its great progenitors, the barbers, kerkip-

pins, white Turks, red Turks, slipper potato, peeler potato of Connaught, black-bull of Kerry, and a host of others, each in their turn ruled supreme. They are now gone. Here is the lumper, the cup, English red, and Irish apple; look at them. The red, twelve years ago, produced 160 barrels to the acre; at present, in the best land, it produces only 60 barrels; lumpers 40 barrels, and cups 30 barrels; and, like the ascending germs, they now blossom, but cannot grow apples; consequently all these kinds of potatoes enumerated may be called 'descending germs.' See this diagram, showing the life of the lumper. (Two ingenious diagrams, which, of course, we have no means of representing, were here exhibited and explained by the Rev. Mr. Porter.)

The first diagram shows the potato existing for thirty-four years in three states of being; first as an ascending germ in blossom for five years; a potato, with apples, for nineteen years; and there not being any apples seen upon the stalks for the last ten years, they then become descending germs, unable now to give any produce on mountain land where they formerly grew. The law laid down in this diagram rules every potato, and the same law guides its seed; thus we find the plant to grow apples for nineteen years.

The second diagram shows the plant ascending in vitality for ten years, its longest day, and green from five to seven months, in proportion to its age; then descending, losing its vitality, from its tenth to its nineteenth year, at which period it remains green only five months, and produces no seed. Thus the seed supplied by the parent plant at its longest period must of necessity be best and strongest. The descending germ of the tenth year will remain green only three months, and with little produce. Hence, seed from the plant at ten years is perfect; the other only in proportion to its place in the diagram; consequently, I fear it is hardly possible to procure good seed now, and I question if ever perfect seed has been sown, except by fortunate accident; the belief hitherto entertained being, that the seed was only to give variety of kinds.

The plant at transplanting is as perfect in all its parts as the oak, the apple tree, or the female bird from the egg. The root performs the same functions to the plant that the stomach does to the animal—absorbs juices from the earth and transmits them through one set of vessels to the leaves, which are a continuation and extension of the same vessels and matter. These extend their surface for absorption and transmission of air and moisture, assimilate the juices, and return them through another set of vessels to nourish and enlarge the various parts of the plant. Thus, the leaves perform the same functions as the lungs of the animal, beside giving shade to the vegetable. These

truths point out the true mode of cultivating ascending and descending germs, and also the potato. The plant from a perfect potato lives seven months, perfecting its fruit before it dies. The plant from a descending germ lives only from five to three months, unable at either stage to perfect its fruit. Therefore, when the plant dies, the fruit not being ripe, continues to absorb the decomposing matter in the leaves and vessels, until these vessels close. Consequently, when we see the leaves getting spotted and black, and emitting an offensive smell from decomposing matter, we should at once dig the crop to save what potatoes exist, and turn the land to some useful purpose. This is what we, in our wisdom, call 'the incomprehensible potato disease,' produced, you will observe, by our own neglect of the immutable laws of God and nature.

The largest potato, being first from the plant, and consequently longer in the world than the small one, is best for seed. This (producing a tuber) is a potato with twelve eyes, consequently containing twelve plants. If I set it whole, I put twelve plants to live upon the land of one; in other words, I put twelve cows to live upon one cow's grass. Therefore, scoop out the eyes of the large potatoes for seed, and use the rest. Let seed potatoes be the largest, and left in the light until they become green. They are thus best for seed, but not so good for the table, the oxygen having escaped. To keep potatoes for use, turf char is best; it will keep them perfect, though not a month old.

To give an idea how to manage potato seed for sale or use: Hang up the apples in the barn or other out-house, in the light, until they become white, soft and pulpy, like a ripe gooseberry; then press out the seed into water, and throw away the hull; wash the glutinous matter from the seed by change of water, and dry it in the sun; or take a pulpy apple and press out the seed between the folds of blotting paper; the paper absorbs all the glutinous matter, and you will find from 300 to 320 seeds (a sufficient quantity for one farmer). Another mode: Cover the apples in sand, which will absorb the hull and glutinous matter; and in spring sow sand and seed together in a hot-bed, which is simply twelve inches of stable manure covered with two inches of earth. I transplanted 800 plants from a box four feet long by one foot wide, when the plants were from four to six inches above the earth, to drills eighteen inches apart, and sixteen inches between each plant. March or April is the best time for transplanting, and drills should be adopted in every instance in preference to lazy beds, because the latter retain rain and grow weeds, which prevent the circulation of air, and cannot be easily got at. The juices of the potato sleep during the win-

ter and awake in the spring; therefore do not plant before February. The experiments stated in this paper can be tried and tested equally by the learned sage or unlettered peasant, for one shilling.

This paper demonstrates, from the leaf being the lung of the plant, that the potato cannot possibly grow after the leaf dies, except we suppose it to grow upon decomposing matter; and the diagrams demonstrate that there never was any disease in the plant or potato. Why and whence then are these various antidotes against the "mysterious, incomprehensible potato disease," leading the peasantry of these realms to lose their land, manure, and labor, year after year? A Frenchman tells us to insert a pea in each to absorb the superabundant moisture—the cause of blight. An Englishman bids us plant in tan; a Scotchman tells us to plant in peat char, because, having ninety-six per cent. of carbon, it is, like the pea and tan, a certain cure. The Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland has a gentleman that professes to take the sting or disease out of the potato by some mechanical charm; and there is another gentleman who undertakes to extract the sting from the earth! *but neither of them tell how.*

These, like other varieties of mysterious cures and causes whispered from man to man, stagger the senses, and make reason reel. Therefore, in order that the truth of my views, and the virtues of these charmers may be fully tested, I have lodged £500 in the Provincial Bank, which I now freely offer to them and the world, if they bring to this society, within three years, the following potatoes, which have been the principal support of the peasantry of this country for the last thirty-four years—namely, the old Irish apple, the cup, the English-red, and the lumper, in the same strength that I show this stalk, with apples upon the top, potatoes at bottom, and remaining green from 12th April to 12th October.

The potatoes now exhibited, (and which are open to inspection until seed time) show ten distinct varieties, ranging from one to six years old; these have never been in the world before, and their existence demonstrates that the power to grow them existed previous to, and since the blight of 1846.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

#### FATTENING ANIMALS WITH COD-LIVER OIL.

COD-LIVER OIL promises to become as popular as castor and olive oils. It is made tempting to the eye, and cheap to the pocket, and is altogether an improving constituent of the family medicine mysteries. The following statement of results of the combination of the oil with the usual food of cattle was published in the *Lancet* a week or two since, and

is novel and interesting. A friend writes to Dr. James Pollock:—"You ask me to write you some particulars of my experiments upon fattening animals with cod oil. I will not attempt to give you any very minute details, but will endeavor to place before you a general view of what we have done. And first of pigs. I kept upon an average three hundred, and killed from twenty to thirty per week, mostly porkers, from five to fifteen stone weight. The experiments were made by dividing off twenty pigs, and weighing each lot, keeping the meal separate, giving one lot two ounces of oil per diem, and both as much meal as they liked. I found the pigs taking the oil ate less meal, weighed the heaviest, and made the most money per stone in the London market, the fat being firm and white. Subsequently I have found that for small pigs one ounce of oil will do better. To larger pigs I have given a quarter of a pint per diem, and to small pigs also, but I have always found I lost money and credit for good pork when the larger quantity was given, and when killed the fat was yellow, and the flesh tasted fishy. From the weekly examination of so many pigs, I have concluded that the oil in no case cured a pig troubled with lung disease, but that when given in small quantities it was profitable, as the animal fattened upon a less amount of food, the oil tending to produce fat quickly. My experiments have led me to conclude that if given in a quantity which cannot be digested it is then passed over the system in the shape of bile, so as to cause the yellow appearance in the fat. The farmer in such case would lose money, as my man did for me, believing that if so small a quantity were good, more would be better. The result with sheep has been more satisfactory; with one ounce per day the fat has been beautifully white, and the flesh has been compared to short-cake, being light and easy of digestion. The lot of eighty gave general satisfaction to the consumers; but the butchers complained of lighter weight than the healthy well-to-do appearance of the sheep led them to expect. As regards bullocks. Last year ten short-horns took each from a quarter of a pint to three-quarters of a pint daily, and paid better than any other bullocks; these were sold for London. The opinion of all who saw them was, that it was impossible for any beasts to go on so well as they did in the usual way with so little food. They commenced with the quarter pint, and ended with three-quarters. I fancied, on the whole, that they did better on half a pint each per diem. I purchased for an experiment this year eight Herefords, even or regular beasts. They are divided into two lots, one of which has a quarter of a pint of oil daily, and all live alike. The bullocks have

the oil mixed up with meal and chaff; the pigs with dry meal; the sheep have split beans soaked in oil. The commonest cod oil costs from 2s. 8d. to 3s. per gallon. I have tried sperm oil against the cod oil, and prefer the latter. I should add that this year I only use an ounce for sheep and pigs, and four ounces per day for each bullock. The relief to a broken-winded horse from the administration of cod oil is very soon perceptible." And on this Dr. Pollock remarks:—"It will be observed that in the above experiments on pigs, bullocks, and sheep, a greater degree of fattening was obtained from a less amount of food when cod oil was used. That in all the animals there seemed to be a decided limit to the quantity which could be digested; that for pigs being two ounces, the smaller thriving best on one ounce, and the larger hogs being over-fed on four ounces per diem. Sheep took an ounce, and bullocks a quarter to three-quarters of a pint, and *'paid better than any other bullocks;'* but in all these cases a much larger quantity was tried experimentally, and it invariably disagreed, producing derangement of digestion, and *'causing a yellow appearance of the fat and a fishy taste.'* This was remarked by the butcher who purchased the animals, and who, at my request, was not informed of the peculiar mode of fattening which was adopted. Whether the above experiments may induce farmers to adopt cod oil as a judicious article of food, more efficacious and cheaper for fattening their stock than those ordinarily used, I will not presume to decide; but I offer the foregoing results to the profession, persuaded of their importance and interest in studying the application and physiological action of oils on the animal system."

From Chambers's Journal.

#### AN EASTER FESTIVAL IN ATHENS.

On this the 13th day of April, being the third day of Easter, there is a grand Greek Festival, of which I had heard so much from all quarters, that my expectation was quite on the stretch. Now that the spectacle is over, I must admit my feeling was a very mixed one. I witnessed much that was novel, but was never carried away by any lively interest. There was nothing here of that magic charm, so irresistible in the Italian festivals. At first sight the scene seemed like fairy land. The festival is held on the beautiful green plain close to the temple of Theseus. All Athens and its neighborhood were there, at least 10,000 in number, reclining in picturesque groups on the slopes of the Hill of the Nymphs—an elevation near Mars Hill, opposite the Acropolis. All were in grand costume. The red Fez (Greek cap),

with its long silver tassel; the red jacket shining with gold and silver; the magnificent silk scarf; and the dazzling white shirt and *fustanilla* (a kind of kilt), all shone in fine and dazzling contrasts. Among these groups rose lovely citron and orange trees, and here and there the fitful gleams of a fire, at which was roasting the lamb indispensable at every Easter festival.\* The cold and barren fancy of a northern, who has never witnessed life in the south, can form no conception of the varied magnificence of such a scene. Close to this picturesque throng, partly indeed, in the midst of it, stands, silent and serene, the old sun-burnt temple, whose Doric pillars and cornices shine golden in the transparent ether,† and under whose wide pillared porticoes different groups were sauntering and reposing, as if the days of ancient glory were come again, and the worship of the hero about to resound in his long forsaken temple. The pillars of the Acropolis tower in the distance. One feels as in a dream. Past and present seem to flow into each other. I knew not whether to regard the dazzling throng as a festoon or framework to the temple, or the temple as a fine background to the joyous mass.

I was never weary of contemplating the bold, sharp, expressive countenances, and the fine plastic forms and graceful movements of these Greeks: their gait is so grave and dignified, and yet so light and elastic, so straight and noble, and yet so unconstrained and natural, they seem impressed with a feeling of the dignity and beauty of the human form, which I could have regarded as an echo of this sense in the ancients, were it not that the same bearing distinguishes the Albanian. It would almost seem as if the Germanic race had been in this respect neglected by nature. At every fair, the most wretched Slovak tinker arranges his round hat and his tattered mantle with a picturesqueness, that puts to shame the rich and polite merchant.

But in spite of all the pomp of form and color, I at length could not resist the feeling of tedium, which I believe was sympathetic, for there was no true hilarity among the people; plenty of noise, shouting and movement, but no animating centre; just as in our German festivals—every inclination for merriment, but none knowing how to begin. They have got into the open air, and are eating and drinking; but that is all—no one knows why he is there.

\*The Greek is the only Christian church that still celebrates the Judaic feast of the Paschal lamb. Upwards of 200,000 lambs are slaughtered and eaten in Greece at the festival of Easter.

†The author here alludes to the beautiful yellow color, like to ripe corn, as if mellow with age, which distinguishes the ancient temple of Theseus from all the other Greek temples.

Here and there a few couples were dancing the singular Greek dance, unlike those of Italy or the north; nor do I remember anything similar in our ballets, though they are always straining after novelty. Seven or eight men danced together; for women do not seem to dance in public, and never with men, except in high court circles. The dancers hold out their hands to each other, sometimes making use of handkerchiefs between, to widen the circle they form, but never closing, so that they may leave sufficient space for the leader of the dance, who performs the steps and leaps; these are apparently quite simple, but in reality bold, and not to be imitated by strange feet, and in which the other dancers follow him step for step and leap for leap. The music, which is either the rhythmical nasal *ritornella*, everywhere prevalent in Greece, or the as monotonous bagpipe, or a shrill pipe with trumpet obligato, begins very slowly, and the dance is at first a simple pacing movement. By degrees the music becomes less monotonous and the measured strides pass into bold and artistic bounds, but never getting the length of actual liveliness. I have seen drunken men performing it, but invariably with the same imperturbable gravity.

This is the favorite, if not the only Greek dance. It is called the *romaika*, and is currently believed to have come down from remote antiquity, which I am inclined to believe, for some of the postures reminded me of the dances on the ancient sculptures, and the rhythmical movements, regulated by the accompaniment of song and pipe, have something about them truly ancient. But the modern Greeks have preserved the gravity without the fire of their great ancestors. A dignity through which no flame glows is dry and cold, and becomes at length wearisome. This dance, like our modern ones, is a pleasure only to the dancer, not to the spectator.

On such days, one feels quite painfully how much more heartily the fine sensuous enjoyment of the ancients continues to exist in Italy. Greece has become old; the misery and oppression of more than 2000 years have palsied its wings. In so far Fallmerayer\* is in the right,—that the foreign races who have settled there have brought about an entire revolution in the original genius of the people. I could not help thinking of the pleasures of the Italian carnival, and the truly bacchanalian October festival—the clanging of the tambourines, the sexes dancing together, or maidens with

each other; the charming *salterello*, that most beautiful of dances, with its fine graceful undulating lines—the dancers first retreating, then seeking each other, then at length meeting, but without joining hands, again escaping and again meeting, till another couple steps in, and begins anew, with ever fresh enjoyment, the same graceful movements. All so joyous and lively! spectator and performer in almost equal enjoyment. There is something quite magical in an Italian festival: an air of refinement, a sense of true beauty and just moderation, natural even to the lowest ranks, which draws every one irresistibly within the charmed circle. The feeling in Greece, on the contrary, is that all is strange and unusual, and without fresh enjoyment. In Italy, the charm lies in the perfect mingling of the ancient times with those of the middle ages and the modern; in Greece, it is only the remains of ancient architecture that interest us; of the middle ages, there is nothing either in art or science; and of the present, only the contemplation of a ruin, without, as I feel daily more and more, any hope of its restoration. In Italy, we are in Europe; in Greece, on the contrary, we are in the East: the people themselves reckon it so. They call the Europeans, Franks, and say “abroad in Europe,” much in the same way as the Austrians speak of Germany. Of the highly cultivated and amiable Italians, the thoughtful and refined Winckelmann repeatedly exclaimed with emotion:—“Italy is the land of humanity;” but in Greece, with the exception of the few who have had the benefit of foreign culture, the nation is still rude and barbarous.\*

I heard it reported in this city that when the French General landed at Cività Vecchia, with a lie in his mouth thrust into it by the president, an English gentleman sent back the work on artillery which the president had given to him. This gentleman was in the habit of meeting the prince at Lady Blessington's, under whose roof a greater number of remarkable and illustrious men assembled from all nations than under any other since roofs took the place of caverns. When he returned to London from his captivity at Ham, he was greeted by Lady Blessington's friend, “as having escaped the two heaviest of misfortunes, a prison and a throne.”

“Whichever of the two may befall me,” said the prince, I hope I shall see you.”

“If a prison,” said the other, the thing is possible; if a throne, not.”—*Last Fruit of an Old Tree.*

\* The author's views with respect to the future prospects of Greece seem to be rather gloomy; but the remarkable intellectual progress made by this people since the time of their great scholar Corais, and their brilliant achievements, amid many faults, in the Liberation War, would indicate that, if they receive fair play in the political world, they are destined for a future perhaps as bright as their mediæval history is dark.

\* Fallmerayer, a German professor of great learning, originality and vigor, wrote several historical works to prove the paradox, that there are no Greeks in Greece—that is to say, that the original Greek population has been driven out or exterminated by the foreign tribes, principally the Slavonians and Albanians, who at different periods settled in the country.



From Household Words.

## COBBETT.

COBBETT, as many of our readers may remember, was a self-taught man of great natural abilities, who—from excess of self-esteem, defect of sympathy out of the pale of his own sphere, and a want of that scholarly “discipline of humanity,” of which such men stand particularly in need—went from one extreme in politics to another with anything but misgiving; injured the good which he otherwise did to Reform, by a long course of obloquy and exaggeration; brought his courage, and even his principles into question, by retreats before his opponents, and apparent compromises with Government; and ended a life of indomitable industry, by obtaining the reputation rather of a powerful and amusing than estimable or lasting writer. Readers of his Political Register will not easily forget how he lorded it over public men, as if they knew nothing and he knew everything; or what letters he addressed to them, in a style beyond the unceremonious—such as those to the Bishop of London, beginning “Bishop,” and to Sir Robert Peel, whom he addressed as “Peel’s-Bill-Peel,” and saluted simply by his surname:—

“TO PEEL’S-BILL-PEEL.

“PEEL,” etc.

Hazlitt said of him, that, had everything been done as he desired, in Church and State, he would have differed with it all next day, out of the pure pleasure of opposition.

Cobbett’s worst propensity was to exult over the fallen. His implied curses of the hapless George the Third, who had nothing to do with the fine and imprisonment which produced them, are too shocking to be repeated. He crowed unmercifully over the suicide of Lord Castlereagh; and ridiculously as ungenerously, pronounced Walter Scott, during his decline, and after the bankruptcy which he labored so heroically to avert, to have been nothing but a “humbug!”

But the vigor which he thus abused was not to be denied. Bating an occasional parade of the little scholarship which he had acquired, and which sometimes betrayed him into incorrectness even of the grammar which he professed to teach, nothing could surpass the pure, vigorous, idiomatic style of his general writing, or the graphical descriptions he would give both of men and things, whether in artificial life, or in matters connected with his agricultural experience. A volume of select passages from his writings, chiefly of this kind, might be of permanent service to his name; which otherwise will be stifled under the load of rubbish with which he mixed it.

At the back of his house at Kensington, in ground now devoted to other purposes, and

also at a farm which he possessed at the same time, not far off (at Barn Elm), Cobbett cultivated his Indian corn, his American forest-trees, his pigs, poultry, and butchers’ meat—all which he pronounced to be the best that was ever beheld: but the aristocratic suburb did not prove a congenial soil; and he quitted it, a bankrupt. He appears, nevertheless, to have succeeded, upon the whole, in the worldly point of view, and ultimately made his way into Parliament—a triumph, however, which was probably the death of him, owing to the late hours and bad air for which he exchanged his farming habits of life. At all events he did not survive it long. Like many men who make a great noise in public, he seems to have been a good, quiet sort of man in private; occasionally blustering a little, perhaps, at his workmen, and more dictatorial to them than he would have liked others to be to himself; but a good husband and father; a pleasant companion; and his family seem to have heartily lamented him when he died—the best of all testimonies to private worth. His appearance (to judge by his portraits, for we never saw him), was characteristic of the man, except as regarded vanity. He dressed plainly and unaffectedly, was strong and well-built, and had a large forehead, and roundish and somewhat small features for the size of his cheeks—a disparity betokening greater will than self-control.

Cobbett said little of Kensington, considering the time he lived there. It was not to be expected, indeed, that he could be fond of a place which had a palace at one end of it, the mansion of a Whig lord at the other, and in which he did not find himself either welcome or prosperous. What he does say chiefly concerns his corn and his trees. There are but one or two passages characteristic of the locality, and those are more so of himself, and not unamusing. In one of them he speaks of the poor Irish, who stand at the corners of the streets, “their rags dancing with the wind;” but he does it rather to rebuke than to pity them. He could not get them to work for virtuals instead of money, not taking into consideration that the poor rack-rented creatures could not pay their landlord without it. A correspondent proposed to pay Cobbett himself in virtuals for his Weekly Register—two pounds of mutton per quarter; but the rebuker of the Irish is very angry at this; and—assuming, with a somewhat Irish and self-refuting logic, that this man, not approving of payments in meat, must be addicted to slops, and have a dirty complexion—calls him a “teakettle reptile” and a “squalid wretch.”

The other passage gives us his opinion of the reviews in Hyde Park, and their consumption of gunpowder. His compliments to American economy in the use of that material are hardly

flattering to a great nation; but everything was excessive in the praise and blame which he bestowed, and consequently was in the habit of undoing itself.

Speaking of the Duke of Clarence's appointment to the office of Lord High Admiral, he says, that when he first heard of it, he was "very much pleased, because he thought it would tend to break up the Scotch phalanx which appeared to him to be taking the whole navy by storm."

"The manner of executing the office was a thing which I," continues Cobbett, "had little time to attend to; but I must confess, that I soon became tired of the apparent incessant visiting of the seaports, and the firing of salutes. I see the Americans getting forward with a navy fit to meet us in war, without more noise than is made by half-a-dozen mice, when they get into a pantry or cupboard. These Yankees have an education wonderfully well calculated to make them economical in the affairs of war. I never saw one of them in my life, man or boy, shoot at any living thing without killing it. A Yankee never discharges his gun at anything, until he has made a calculation of the value of the thing; and if that value does not exceed the value of the powder and the shot, the gun remains with the charge in it until something presents itself of value surpassing that of the charge. In shooting at partridges, quails, squirrels, and other things of the land kind, they always count the number of shot they put into the gun, and will put in no more than they think the carcass of the animal will pay for, leaving a certain clear profit, after the cost of the labor. These are most excellent principles to be imbibed by those who are destined to conduct the affairs of war; and when I, being in a sea-port, hear bang, bang, bang, on one side of me, answered by other bangs on the other side, and find no soul that can tell me what the noise is for; or when I, being at Kensington, hear, coming from Hyde Park, pop, pop, pop—pop, pop—pop, pop, pop, pop, the cause of which I remember but too well; when I hear these sounds, I cannot help lamenting that our commanders, by sea and land, did not receive their education among the Yankees, who have raised a fleet, the existence of which we shall one day have to rue; and I should not be afraid to bet all I have in the world, that they have done it without wasting one single pound of powder."

Cobbett's premises were at the back neighborhood of a small mansion, Scarsdale House, which he must have considered an eyesore, for it belonged to a noble family and was then a boarding-school: a thing which he hated, for its inducing tradesmen's and farmer's daughters to play on the piano-forte. He saw the dangers attending the elevation of ranks in society, but none of its advantages, except in regard

to eating and drinking; and those he would have confined to his own beef and bacon. A little onward from Mr. Wright's door is Wright's Lane, which turns out of High Street, and containing Scarsdale House and Scarsdale Terrace, leads round by a pleasant sequestered corner into the fields, and terminates this point of Kensington with the New Workhouse. Scarsdale House, now no longer a boarding-school, appears to have returned into the occupation of the family that are understood to have built it; for its present inmate is the Hon. E. Curzon, one of the gentlemen who contributed to the collection of cabinet work at Gore House. From an intimation, however, in Faulkner, it would seem as if it had been called Scarsdale House before the creation of that title in the Curzon and Howe-Curzon families; in which case, it was probably built by the Earl of Scarsdale, whose family name was Leake; the Scarsdale celebrated by Pope and Rowe for his love of the bottle and of Mrs. Bracegirdle:—

Each mortal has his pleasure:—none deny  
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his ham pie.

From Chambers's Journal.

#### NEW PROSPECTS OF LUNAR CONQUEST.

THE earth's geologists and the moon have not hitherto been upon good terms. The sages have wooed the lovely goddess of the night both assiduously and ardently, but she has never yet looked upon them as she did on the shepherd Endymion during his dream on the heights of Mount Latmus. Their most earnest suit has received no other answer than cold and silent reserve. It is not surprising, then, that the slighted suitors sometimes break through the bounds of patience, and express their irritation and disappointment in opprobrious epithets and bitter words. An amusing illustration of this weak side of philosophy occurred at the Ipswich meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held in the year 1851.

An eloquent geologist, of high repute, there found occasion, under the show of paying compliment to the astronomer-royal for his presidential address, to speak of the moon as an "inconstant jade, who never behaved as she ought, and who might be seen at one time threatening to reap down the stars with her ruthless sickle, and at another looking out desiriously from the sky with a one-sided face." It is clear that no sage philosopher could, at years of discretion, have thus characterized the beautiful phases of the lunar aspect, unless his perceptions had been obscured and his judgment warped by prejudice and angry

feeling. We, ourselves, have no doubt that our guess is a shrewd one, and that "Rejected Addresses" were at the bottom of the affair.

But there is now strong reason for hoping that more intimate and amicable relations will soon be established between terrestrial sages and the moon. It has been determined that the suit of science shall henceforth be pressed discreetly, and in accordance with due and proper form. At the Belfast meeting of the British Association, a committee of "likely men" was appointed to the task of deliberating upon ways and means. This committee met in September, 1852, at the residence of Lord Rosse, and took a preliminary survey of the lunar face, from a cautious and respectful distance, through the great tube which his lordship kindly placed at their disposal for the purpose. This survey led to the framing of a well-considered plan for future operations, and the first fruits appeared at the Hull sitting of the British Association, recently held. Professor Phillips then presented a drawing of the annular mountain Gassendi, as a model of the form of delineation the band of confederated selenographers intend to adopt.

The professor stated, however, while exhibiting this sketch, that he had to communicate still higher promise of great results being soon attained. It will be remembered, that in 1851 Professor Bond, of Cambridge, United States, produced a photographic portrait of the moon, three inches across.\* That portrait was made within the tube of the Cambridge telescope, converted for the occasion into a photographic camera, by a lens possessing a diameter of fifteen inches. Since that period, a more sensitive material than M. Daguerre's plate of iodized silver has been discovered. By employing this substance, the iodized collodion spread in a thin film on a plate of glass, Professor Phillips has procured a very good image of the moon in five minutes, although the telescope he used had only a diameter of six inches and a quarter, and although the moon was at a low southern altitude at the time. The professor has no doubt that the same result might be attained in one minute, instead of in five, when the moon is at its highest southern elevation in the sky.

But here again: if such a result was attained when a pigmy telescope of only six inches was used in the production of the picture, what might not be expected if Lord Rosse's giant instrument of six feet was engaged in the task! Professor Phillips has seen in this telescope a magnificent moon-image, six inches across, and so brilliant, that he is sure it would be able to stamp itself dis-

tinctly upon the film of iodized collodion in fifteen seconds at the most; or even if it were again magnified to a diameter of twelve inches, by the introduction of proper optical apparatus, in one minute. But these photographic pictures are so exquisitely defined in their details, that they bear to be examined by means of amplifying lenses. The twelve inch picture of the moon, sketched on iodized collodion, by Lord Rosse's telescope, might be magnified subsequently eight times at least, without the limit of increased distinctness being reached. Such a magnified view would present a map of the moon upon a scale of one inch to twenty-two miles, and in which the form and outline of an object really 105 feet across, would be projected with the utmost distinctness. Indeed, bodies only thirty-seven feet across, and, therefore, of the dimensions of ordinary houses, would be perceptible in it as specks; and since streaks are much more readily discerned by the eye than spots, lines not exceeding ten feet in breadth would be visible as lines. A photographic picture of the moon, drawn by Lord Rosse's telescope, and subsequently magnified by appropriate contrivances, would in fact present a delineation of the lunar surface, analogous to that which the physical maps now in use present of the county of Yorkshire when held at the distance of ten inches from the eye. It would indeed be a representation of the moon as it would appear if seen from a distance of twenty-four miles instead of twenty-four thousand. The discomfited geologist may therefore take heart: their turn is assuredly coming. The existing president of the British Association has declared his conviction, that the details of the moon's superficial structure will very soon be more fully and accurately known, than either the geology or geography of our own terrestrial sphere.

It may, however, be asked why Lord Rosse's telescope has not been already converted into a photographic camera, under circumstances of such rich promise. The answer is, that a series of preliminary difficulties of a mechanical nature have to be overcome before an accurate picture of the moon can be secured upon a sensitive photographic surface. Every one knows how essential perfect repose and stillness in the subject are, when an accurate Daguerreotype miniature is to be taken. M. Claudet, after arranging the drapery of the sitter with artistic care, pins a flower on one of the curtains of his magical light-chamber, in order that the look may be fixed upon it during the exposure of the plate; and not content with this precaution, he then also plants the ends of a curved iron holdfast on each side of the head, to preclude the possibility of any lateral movement. But none of this care can be taken in the case of the moon.

\* See No. 404 of the Journal.

She laughs at M. Claudet's art as much as she does at the geologist's science. No holdfast can be made to fix her restless head; no flower has fascination enough to stop her roving glance. The instant her face is caught on the sensitive plate of the photographer's camera, it is found that, from moment to moment, she is stealthily sidling along the sky. Observe how the end of a noonday shadow travels over the surface of the ground. Exactly in this way the moon's image travels along the photographic plate; and the consequence is, that every detailed feature within it is blurred in the direction to which the picture is moving. Nothing can be done in sketching the moon until the camera is made by some means or other to accompany her movements as she glides through the sky.

In the practice of lunar photography, this end is attained by attaching the telescope, which is used as a camera, to a train of clock-work. The several parts of the apparatus are then so adjusted that the telescope keeps lunar time—that is, moves round precisely as the moon progresses in the sky. But even this proves to be insufficient where a very accurate picture is to be made, for the moon does not go evenly along amid the starry host. She is always either getting on faster and faster, or

lagging back more and more. Her movement is an accelerating or retarding one, and she is also constantly shifting her position a little upwards or downwards on the celestial surface. Mechanical compensations must, therefore, be provided to meet all these causes of irregularity, and these compensations must be severally adjusted to the exact behavior of the moon at the time selected for the operation. Now, it will be readily understood from all this, that a vast amount of ingenuity must be brought into play before even a small telescope can be enabled to keep the moon's company during a portion of one of her nocturnal wanderings, but how much more must this be the case ere a very large instrument can be qualified for the same erratic fellowship. Let it be remembered, that before Lord Rosse can carry out his purpose of fixing the lunar face by means of his great speculum, an enormous tube fifty-six feet long and weighing fifteen tons will have to be converted into a sort of clock-hand, and carried with an accurately adjusted accelerating or retarding movement! This wonderful work will no doubt be accomplished, but there is no room left for surprise if the thing be not done as rapidly as the idea of its possibility has been conceived.

From Household Words.

### THE BRIGHT LITTLE GIRL.

SONG TO AN IRISH TUNE.

HER blue eyes they beam and twinkle,  
Her lips have made smiling more fair;  
On cheek and on brow there's no wrinkle,  
But thousands of curls in her hair.

She's little—you don't wish her taller;  
Just half through the teens is her age;  
And lady, or baby, to call her,  
Were something to puzzle a sage.

Her walk is far better than dancing,  
She speaks as another might sing;  
And all by an innocent chancing,  
Like lambkins and birds in the spring.

Unskill'd in the airs of the city,  
She's perfect in natural grace;  
She's gentle, and truthful, and witty,  
And ne'er spends a thought on her face—

Her face, with the fine glow that's in it,  
As fresh as an apple-tree bloom:  
And O! when she comes, in a minute,  
Like sunbeams she brightens the room.

As taking in mind as in feature,  
How many will sigh for her sake!  
I wonder, the sweet little creature,  
What sort of a wife she would make!

**A CHEAP FILTER.**—As efficient a filter as can possibly be constructed, may be made in a few minutes by any person, and at the cost of a very few pence. Procure a clean flower-pot of the common kind, close the opening of the bottom by a piece of sponge; then place, in the inside, a layer of small stones, previously well cleansed by washing: this layer may be about two inches deep, the upper stones being very small. Next, procure some freshly-burned charcoal, which has not been kept in a damp or foul place, as it rapidly absorbs any strong smells, and so becomes tainted and unfit for such purpose: reduce this to powder, and mix it with about twice its bulk of clear, well washed, sharp sand. With this mixture fill the pot to within a short distance of the top, covering it with a layer of small stones; or, what is perhaps better, place a piece of thick, close flannel over it, large enough to tie round the rim of the pot outside, and to form a hollow inside, into which the water to be filtered is to be poured, and which will be found to flow out rapidly through the sponge, in an exceedingly pure state. The flannel removes the grosser impurities floating in the water; but the filter absorbs much of decaying animal and vegetable bodies actually dissolved in it. When it becomes charged with them, it loses this power; hence the necessity for a supply of fresh charcoal at intervals. — *Monthly Observer.*

☞ The friendship of an artful man is mere self-interest: you will get nothing by it.

From Household Words.

## THE CRADLE AND THE GRAVE.

At the beginning of the Winter of 1850 I was working quietly in Sidney, by no means dissatisfied with my position, when a vague rumor reached the city that gold had been found in the Bathurst district of the colony. As one result of the excitement that succeeded, it only concerns me now to state that the following advertisement which appeared in the Sidney Morning Herald, emanated from the writer of these pages;—

**TURON GOLD DIGGINGS.** Wanted by a party who is about to proceed to the mines, a gentleman, willing to join him in and to share the expenses of the adventure. Address, W., Y— Street, Woolloomooloo.

Having written the above advertisement I, on the same day, resigned my situation.

In the course of the next morning, there came three replies. The first was from a recent emigrant, or what in Sidney parlance is known commonly as a "new chum." He certainly would know too little of colonial life. The second was from a gentleman who, as I more than suspected, knew too much to be either an agreeable associate or an eligible partner. The third came in the form of a very short note, requesting an interview at a certain time and place, on the subject of my advertisement. I liked the look of it, and at the hour named by my correspondent, duly called at a boarding house appointed as our meeting. So I met with the person who became my partner.

He was singularly handsome; very dark, but darkened as I thought by exposure chiefly, though he must have been originally dark, for he had raven hair and a completely black moustache. His eye, large, black and restless, never became fixed on anybody; that I grew afterwards to notice, when I noticed also that his manner—which was generally lively and at all times that of a gentleman—now and then fell by a sudden change from gaiety into a perfect pit of gloom. I shall call this partner of mine Browden. We agreed without delay upon the terms of partnership, and commenced together preparations for a start.

Winter was then rapidly approaching, but we were bold and were unwilling to delay. My partner, alike careless and confident, caused me to feel young in his company, because he went to work with so much cool indifference. To me, red-hot with excitement, his cold manner was quite unintelligible, and I could not refrain on one occasion from expressing my sense of his self-possession, upon the eve of a change that surely was an epoch in our lives. He replied very gloomily that there was nothing in life worth making a fuss about.

Our preparations were made under his superintendence with much care. Three months' allowance of flour, tea and sugar, a good cradle, and mining implements, cooking utensils and everything necessary for the gipsy life we were about to lead; a calico tent, and finally a strong spring cart with a tilted cover, for the carriage of our goods and chattels, were provided. Then we got a horse that we called "Bony," for its

leanness; and engaged lastly an intelligent lad in whom I was interested, as tent keeper and cook. He was to have liberal wages, and the douceur of a small "lay" or share in the whole product of our labors.

My partner, who was jack of all trades, master of all, a host in himself, conducted everything, and gave me enormous satisfaction; all went well, and the evening previous to our actual start at last arrived. The packing of the cart, the last duty to be done in Sidney, was performed by him in the courtyard of his house by candlelight, with so much skill and expedition, that I fancied for a moment his trade was discovered, and that he must have been a carrier or a packer all his life, but that idea was dispelled when I observed the equally professional style in which he proceeded to feed and groom down Bony.

It was a moonlight night, clear, sharp and bracing. After drinking a glass of grog to the success of our enterprise, I walked briskly across the race-course to my lodgings at Woolloomooloo Bay. We had agreed to meet and start at sunrise the next morning. I felt happy. The moonlit air, and the scene gave exaltation to my feelings. The moon was shining brightly on the bay, transforming it into a perfect lake of silver, while the dark rocks and the trees upon the shore stood out in bold relief, black, crisp, and defined against the back-ground of a blue sky crowded with stars. The change, the uncertainty, the novelty of the adventure before me, the present scene mingled with memories of England, all helped to throw me for the night into a state of feverish excitement.

Before the dawn I started from my bed, and began for the first time to don my digger's costume, which consisted of a particularly bright scarlet shirt, secured at the waist by a broad belt, a Californian felt hat, strong moleskin trousers, with leather leggins up to the thighs, and boots more durable than elegant. There belonged to my personal equipment also a pair of good stout blankets, an opossum rug, two or three blue shirts, a change of outer raiment and a stout pilot coat.

I found my partner not only equipped himself, but finishing the loading of the cart to which he had already harnessed old Bony. He was dressed in much the same style as myself, excepting that instead of the belt which secured my shirt, he wore around his waist a very long and handsome crimson silk sash, with the fringed ends hanging down on each side of his person. It contained a large and formidable knife. I could not help feeling at the first glance that in my personal appearance, which, before I had seen him I flattered myself was rather telling, I was immeasurably behind Browden, whose picturesque costume sat upon him as though he had been accustomed to it all his life, while mine, as I felt painfully conscious (at any rate until the gloss was taken out of it) made me look fitter for a fancy dress ball than a piece of earnest business. Browden received me cheerfully; we had a merry breakfast and set off, my partner driving, I and the boy bringing up the rear.

There is nothing between Sydney and Penrith—a little town thirty-five miles distant, sit-



uated at the foot of the Blue Mountains) worth dwelling upon here. The road is a continual succession of gentle ups and downs with fences and trees at the sides, and in most places cultivated land and grazing paddocks.

We had plenty of company upon the road. An occasional omnibus bound for Sidney dashed past, and the passengers indulged in jokes at our expense, for the "diggins" were in those days only half believed in. There were many besides ourselves however, bound for the same bourne, travelling in groups of three or four, and often singly, stick in hand, along, each man carrying his "swag" across his shoulders.

The travellers on that part of their route seemed to be taking their work easily. The verandahs of every public house we passed, (and there were plenty of them) contained groups of blue shirted pilgrims, with a few reds; a red shirt was at that time the mark of the "gentleman digger." These all fraternized with us and we with them right merrily. There was another set of pilgrims moving in the opposite direction, not by any means so cheerful. Weary and footsore, dirty and depressed, we now and then met with "returning diggers," plodding back to Sidney with their golden visions scattered. Hope made great fun of disappointment on the road. "Have you sold your cradle, Jack?" was for a long time the standing question, addressed by those going up to others coming down. The answer often was a mocking laugh, or else a discharge of the most horrible predictions as to the result of the inquirer's own adventure. For the most part, however, these returns were persons who had neither the manner nor the means of prospering. Many had not even reached the mines at all; but had lost heart half way upon the journey. Some had started without money, tools or provisions; and a few, we whispered to each other, were not quite so poor as they would have us to suppose; but carried on their persons secretly the satisfactory results of a few days' efficient labor.

Plodding along a few yards in the rear of our cart, while the boy drove, Browden and I conversed cheerfully on various topics, but chiefly of course on the (to us) engrossing one of all—the newly discovered gold field, and our prospects in connection with it. I found that, in intelligence and practical experience, I had not overrated my companion's power; but in the course of our talk I was surprised, and even fidgeted to hear only then for the first time that he had been in California. I forgot exactly how the fact came out; but I remember asking him point blank if it were not so, and being struck with the odd way in which he replied to so natural a question. His eyes wandered restlessly from me to the ground, and his words sounded more like the confession of a crime than the acknowledgment of a plain fact. He was not long embarrassed, and soon told me with his usual carelessness that he had been unfortunate in California, had lost in the gambling saloons of San Francisco all that he earned at the mines; therefore he hated the place, and abhorred its very name. In short, he never wished to have it again mentioned. He then abruptly changed the subject;

but, after a few minutes, fell silent and seemed to retire within a cloud.

Towards afternoon we passed through Paramatta, where we only stopped to buy some mutton. Four or five miles onward beyond the Paramatta toll-bar we encamped in the bush, as became us vagrants after gold. We made a bedstead of the cart, and as Browden was not talkative over the mutton, tea and damper, I very soon turned in and left him brooding in the moonlight over the great fire. I awoke once in the night and found my partner sleeping by my side, but scarcely seeming to enjoy his rest. He tossed his arms and murmured incoherently, while I lay somewhat oppressed with the general dreariness of my bush bedroom. A sound of horses' hoofs coming along the road at a short trot attracted my attention. A patrol of mounted police rode briskly past with their long dark cloaks waving behind them, and their steel sabre scabbards rattling loudly as they went. They had a right, I suppose, to create a disturbance in our bedroom, but they broke the slumbers of my partner, who woke with a scream. I spoke to him, and reassured by my voice he muttered something about nightmare, and turning on his side was soon asleep again. I lay for some time wondering uncomfortably. The wild wood perhaps helped to put into my head that my companion's scream was an uncanny sound, not to be accounted for by any common nightmare theory. Well, never mind, I went to sleep, and the next morning we had breakfast, and went on again towards the gold. We rested at noon under a gum tree. Towards evening we passed through Penrith, and crossed soon afterwards a ferry on the river Nepean, which accommodated five or six loaded teams with any number of foot passengers. This ferry—since the gold-digging fever set in—had turned out to its owner, as he told me himself on my way across, "better than digging by long chalks." Having crossed the river we were at the edge of the large tract of open country lying at the base of the Blue Mountains, called Ému Plains, an extensive and cultivated flat, stretching away as far as the eye could reach, dotted with cottages and farm-houses. The lofty and rugged mountains rising abruptly out of such a plain, formed the best bit of scenery we had yet met with. We were anxious to camp before it came quite dark. There were unpleasant symptoms too of an inclination to a change in the weather, which had so favored us. A dense mass of lurid-looking clouds hung threateningly over the crests of the mountains and obscured the last beams of the sun. The air, which had been during the day almost unnaturally oppressive for the season, had now become disagreeably cold; and the bleak wind swept with momentarily increasing violence over the wide and unsheltered plain. On arrival at our camping-place (almost at the foot of the mountains) we found a complete little settlement of a dozen teams or more, with at least thirty or forty persons belonging to them, bivouacking on the ground. Some had already pitched their tents, lighted their fires, hobbled their horses, and were in the full enjoyment of their suppers. Others more recently arrived, were hurrying their own day's

labors to a close. We lost no time in imitating their example. It was dark by the time we had made ourselves snug for the night, and were boiling our pots and cooking our suppers on the huge fire which burnt in the centre of the encampment;—a joint-stock fire established on the equitable principle that each party using it should fetch his share of fuel. It was a very dark and wild and wintery night. To windward of the immense fire—which now rose blazing high into the air, and now sent roaring and spitting myriads of sparks before the fury of the blast—were sitting or reclining the assembled party, almost every man glowing in the red firelight, and the whole forming a group which with its strong lights and deep shadows, the surrounding accompaniments of tents and horses, and with the dark mountains rising like ghosts in the background, would have been extremely welcome to *Salvator Rosa*. We were very merry, and after suppers had been all discussed, pannikins of spirits were produced and handed round, stories were told, jests were attempted, and songs sung, perhaps a little coarser than such things even in such assemblies generally are.

Browden and I of course fell in with the humor of the party. Extended at his length on the grass, in the full blaze of the fire, with his head supported by his hand my partner lay with not a vestige of depression in his manner. He had drunk freely of the spirits which he had circulated, and had proved himself the best carouser of us all. He roared out jovial songs, spun humorous yarns, and made jokes; he evoked thundering choruses, or uproars of laughter, or of exclamation. As the evening wore away, under the influence of another "tot," the spirits of the party mounted to a wilder and more frantic pitch. Not a star twinkled in the cloudy sky; the wind blew with increasing violence; but my partner had grown merrier than ever. Suddenly, however, there was a lull in his mirth. A gloomy frown settled upon his face, and he went off moody and reserved to his roost in our cart.

I had been noticing him, for he vexed and puzzled me. Long after I had gone to roost beside him I lay wondering while he was fast asleep. The wind had lulled, and the rain poured down on the cart-cover; but it did not wake him, or appear to wake him, for that he often shammed sleep I was certain. I tried to make out what had caused the sudden alteration in his manner, and gradually remembered a brisk conversation between two "old hands" of the party, who had been talking, not at all penitently, of the causes of their having been "sent out." The darkest crimes were talked of by those worthies cosily enough, and rather as so many branches of a good profession, than as offences against God and man. Theft, forgery, and burglary seemed to be in their eyes just so many modes of doing business. One crime, however, they refused to look at in a business light; and that was murder.

"What I says is this," I remembered the most rascally looking of the two to have observed, with an oath, "when you have a murderer among you, peach on him; when he is nabbed, hang him."

That was the last remark uttered before my partner left the party, of which he had previously been the leader. I fell asleep that night with the vague horrible thought that very possibly I had a murderer for bedfellow.

The aspect of affairs, when I looked out of the cart about daybreak next morning, certainly did not do much to remove the disagreeable and uncomfortable impression with which I had gone to sleep. It was miserable weather; the rain poured incessantly. The wet was streaming through our canvas roof (warranted water tight) and soaking us. The fires were out, and the miserable looking horses huddling together for shelter in the lee of the tents and drays, looked most disconsolate. Seeing, however, that the other men were up and moving, I aroused my partner, and in the active preparations necessary for another start, soon recovered elasticity of spirits. We all contrived to get sufficient fire to boil our kettles, and having breakfasted comfortably enough in the soaking rain and fed our horses, set off together (nine teams in all) up Lapstone Hill, beginning our ascent of the Blue Mountains. That was at first comparatively easy work, but as we rose, the acclivity grew steeper and the ground worse; we skirted gulleys, cracked whips, and blasphemed; waded knee-deep in mud, pushed carts, choked wheels, and by little rushes of a few yards at a time made progress.

Bony exerted himself to the utmost, and although by this time doubtless disabused of any notion of ease in the work before him, he still tugged and strained at his harness most magnanimously. His imperial nick-namesake in his celebrated passage of the Alps could not have evinced more energy and absolute determination. Evidently he was not a horse to jib. If we found it hard work to get up Lapstone Hill, we afterwards discovered it to be as arduous an enterprize to get down Mount Victoria; the difficulty being, not as before, to get the horse to lift the cart, but to prevent the cart from carrying away the horse. With wheels carefully skidded, and with a large, rough tree dragging behind us, not to speak of our own exertions spent in keeping the cart back, we reached the bottom in safety. At the foot of the mountain we found once more cultivated country, and a short stage further took us through a nondescript collection of houses called the town of Hartley. This little glimpse of civilization and this taste of level roads we soon again lost, and began ascending a new range of still more formidable mountains. Our onward journey then, from day to day, dragged its slow length along, five or six miles being sometimes a full day's journey. Carcasses of horses and bullocks, in all stages of decomposition, lay by the waysides; miserable weather had set in, and had it not been for Browden's energy, I frankly own that I should certainly myself have jibbed before reaching this stage, taking the friendly advice to "go back!" so frequently and earnestly pressed upon us by crowds of backward-bound adventurers.

The ascent of Mount Lambie, the highest range we had to pass, was the worst tug of all, and the most dangerous adventure. Never mind it. On we went. Solitary Creek, the Green

Swamp, and at last the green plains in which the town of Bathurst stands, were duly passed; and after sixteen days of this sort of work, with a broken shaft, with Bony lame and almost dead-beat, and ourselves in not much better condition, we at last reached within five or six miles of our journey's end. But no fatigue could subdue the pride and elation with which, one evening, a little before dusk, we caught from the top of a high hill (our last descent), a view of the Turon River winding beneath us. The sun—its only appearance for many days—had shone out from the clouds just before sinking, and threw suddenly a golden hue over the scene, that suited well our notion of the soil we had been seeking. Along the banks of the river tents of all shapes and sizes, many of which had gay flags fluttering in the breeze, formed lines that appeared to us quite martial. The white smoke wreathing upwards from the hundreds of fires before the tents marked the meandering course of the river as far as the eye could reach, with a pale bluish shade, that contrasted finely with the dark tint of the trees.

Down-hill, and forward for a mile or two, and we were fairly on the Turon. Too tired to notice much, we picked out a convenient spot for the erection of our tent, near to Commissioners' Hill; and, after an hour or so of work in fixing it, were glad to rest under its shade and go to sleep.

The next day we became Turonites; and I shall now describe generally the character of a day spent among the Turon diggings. Early morning and the work of the day not commenced. Bright and clear in the first sunbeams the stream, yet undisturbed, runs placidly along. In half-an-hour the cradles will be playing, and the pure current taking the color of pea-soup. Turn where you will, the ground is opened up and burrowed into by the gold-seekers. In the river itself, wherever the stream will allow them, holes are sunk, and these are only to be kept workable by the incessant use of pumps and bailers. "Bed Claims," as they are technically called (though often very rich), are troublesome in full proportion to their richness. On the river banks, which are in some places precipitous, and elsewhere slope gently upwards, the dry diggings at least furnish equal proof of energy and industry. Excavations dug of every size and shape, and sometimes of immense depth, are to be seen or tumbled into on all sides. From these "bank claims," which are often two or three hundred yards from the spot where the cradles are fixed, the washing stuff is carried down by steps and passages to the water side. In some places I saw that the diggers had preferred the more dangerous plan of careless tunnelling. Afterwards that became the usual practice, and some serious accidents occurred, two or three lives being lost through the falling in of top stuff upon laborers below. I went to see a set of Germans—Burra Burra miners from Adelaide—who had in this way dug a subterranean gallery, and were, as I was told, doing a great stroke. They were at work by candle light, and though impressed with admiration of their skill and energy, I was not sorry to escape out of their hole.

But to go back to my day's programme. It is early morning, and as yet the only labor going on bears upon breakfast. The air is perfumed with the scent of mutton, for pans of chops are being fried at every fire down all the miles of tent that line the river. Stretched on the grass, with the pots of tea by their sides, and with huge cuts of damper covered with mutton in their fists, the diggers breakfast. As the sun makes its appearance over the Wallaby Rocks the morning meal comes to an end, and the men walk off to their claims and cradles; the tools left in the holes last night are taken up, and in a short time the gold-hunters are filling the whole place with noise. Those at work in the claims wield picks, shovels, and crowbars; others, who carry washing stuff from the holes to the cradles, trot continually backwards and forwards with the precious dirt, either contained in bags hung over their backs or in buckets slung by a yoke from their shoulders. Those whose duty it is to wash the stuff so brought to them are not less busy, and the air resounds with the loud clatter of hundreds of cradles in full play. The sun rises brighter and higher, and its heat makes the severe labor oppressive; but though the perspiration pours from the diggers' brows, good humor prevails, and the work is carried on with a gaiety that robs the really hard life of its worst fatigues. Occasionally, high above the rattle of the cradles or the echoing strokes of pick and crowbar, rises a hearty laugh begotten of a rough practical joke perhaps, or a song shouted at the top of the voice in time to the movement of the rockers, unlooses a chorus of imitative tongues all down the river. At noon a general cessation of labor. Eight-bells is struck upon a prospecting pan by some nautical digger, doubtless a runaway sailor. Nature is again perfumed with mutton; damper, tea, and chops are again consumed. On Sundays the attempt at cookery is generally more ambitious—a joint of meat baked in the camp oven, is sometimes substituted for the usual fried mutton, and a plum-duff or pudding is also a common luxury upon the day of rest. An hour at the most is allowed on work-days for the dinner and a draw at the pipe; labor is then recommenced. The afternoon passes away; the sun begins to cast long shadows. When it altogether disappears behind a range of hills our work is over—the diggers in the holes throw down their tools and take up their serge shirts; the cradles are washed out for the last time, and men in groups begin to saunter to their tents, conversing as they go on what each may have done. There is one duty still incomplete, namely, the washing in large pans of the stuff that has remained at the bottoms of the cradles, and that contains of course the gold produced from all the soil passed through during the day. This "panning out," as it is termed, is a delicate operation. The pan is dipped into the stream by the operator, shaken, worked and sifted about in a peculiar manner; and the gold being thus driven to the bottom, the lighter soil is allowed to run off with the water. It requires both knack and practice to prevent the fine gold from escaping. A glance in the evening at the different pans will enable us to see how every

man's day's labor has turned out. Such inspection proves the lottery-like character of the employment. Here is a pan half-full of gold. As the soil and small pebbles are skillfully washed out, and the yellow metal appears glistening beneath, the panner's eyes flash back upon it, glistening no less. There cannot be less than ten or twelve ounces in this washing. It is however from a rich hole, and its worker belongs to a lucky party. Look on the other hand at the poor fellow who, with bent body and eager look, is washing at a few yards' distance, lower down the river. Out of two or three hundred buckets of stuff passed through the cradle with incessant labor during the day, a few miserable penny-weights of gold are all his gain. His eye devours every small atom and speck as it becomes visible; and when he has got through his task, and the result is evident, he looks despondingly into his neighbor's pan, and with a sigh of disappointment wanders moodily up the bank to his tent, where he will soothe his sorrow and begot fresh hopes over a quiet pipe.

At sunset, volleys of fire-arms are discharged up and down the river, and are to be heard obstinately echoing among the rocks and hills. By some men this is done simply to make a noise; by others it is meant as a hint that there are pistols in their tents ready for use if necessary. Then the eternal tea, damper and mutton, is again discussed under the name of supper, firewood is brought in and stacked; one of each party is employed in the manufacture of fresh damper, while the rest, stretched at full length by their fires, enjoy themselves as they are able. When night has closed in, and the moon perhaps begun to silver the white tents, the trees, and the water that runs clear again, the scene grows very picturesque. Hundreds of fires, with dark figures clustering round them, burn red and bright in the obscurity. It is the digger's hour of relaxation. The guitar and banjo, violin and flute, heard at greater or less distances, people the night with sounds. At one part of the diggings, high on a range, some musical Germans encamped there used, in my time, to indulge hundreds of their fellow-diggers nightly with a vocal concert. Their harmonizing voices, and the noble music that they sang, heard in a scene like that at such a time, possessed for me a wondrous charm; I never remember feeling music so completely as I did on those occasions. As it grows later, the moon dips behind the hill, the groups round the fires thin till they disappear, the sounds of music die away, and there is nothing to be heard but the rustle of the trees — the howling of the watch-dog — or the dismal cry of his wild brethren in the distance. Within the recesses of their canvas dwellings, the tired gold-seekers wrapped up in their blankets sleep soundly, dreaming perhaps of ounces, or perhaps of home and friends!

Our own part in these labors can be very briefly told. At first we roamed about the stream from place to place, "prospecting" for a good hole without success. This "prospecting" — which commonly means nothing more than turning up the ground to the depth of a few inches, or at the most of one or two feet, and trying a

panfull of the stuff — was a bad method of setting to work. The gold was seldom come upon so near the surface, and when not immediately found, impatient and inexperienced "prospectors," generally abandoned their newly opened claims to repeat the same useless operation again and again with the same success. A far better plan was to dig boldly and perseveringly down, trying the different layers of soil come to in the descent, but never deserting the work until the very bottom or bed rock was reached, when if nothing was by that time discovered, of course it only remained to try again in a fresh place. This course we afterwards pursued, and dug at the least from fifteen to twenty holes, some of them the same number of feet in depth, but still found nothing which would pay us for the working.

In this way three or four months passed away, our provisions were almost eaten, only our chammois leather gold bags were exempt from wear and tear; I grew rather despondent, but a glimpse of sunshine came with the returning spring to our relief. A discovery was made of some rich diggings on the banks and in the bed of a stream running into the Turon, called Oak-eye Creek; and, taking advantage of the first intelligence, we shifted bag and baggage and removed our quarters to a spot between one and two miles from its junction with the river. Here we at once "set in" at a likely spot in the bed and at a bend of the creek. After a day or two of hard work, we began to get a daily yield of from one to two ounces, which although no great things, was a vast improvement on our previous doings.

It was a solitary place enough on which we had encamped, very few of the digging population having fixed their residences near us. We had very little sky or sunshine. The place too was dismal, for the creek was filled with stunted swamp oaks, and steep, rugged hills rose up from both sides of the narrow water-course. Only the little heap of shining metal, to be found every evening at the bottom of our pan, made up for all deficiencies. Of course too we were glad to have the ground much to ourselves.

There was one main discomfort. I have already said that from some strange peculiarities of manner, and certain incidents on the road, I had imbibed a strong and irresistible suspicion as to the past life of my partner. He, on his part, perceiving the natural restraints which such suspicions produced in my manner towards him, became gloomy, sullen, and reserved. So it was, that even before we arrived at the mines, our partnership had become one of mere business and necessity.

Whatever we thought of each other, we did not allow our private sentiments to interfere with our joint efforts. We worked hard together, and during the active hours of labor, no one could possibly display more life and energy than Browden. When, however, day was over, and the melancholy night closed in around us, the excitement ended and he sank into a state of pitiable despondency.

There was a secret and disagreeable consciousness of some vague cause of dislike between us

which it was impossible to shake off, and which, ill defined as it was, quenched everything like cordiality. This state of things could not last long, nor was it my wish that it should; so that when, one Sunday morning, he abruptly told me after breakfast that the time of our agreement had expired, and that he proposed a separation of our fortunes, I received the intimation without raising any difficulties or expressing much regret. He added that it was his purpose to engage a laborer and work for himself higher up the creek. He was embarrassed while expressing this determination; but I took it cheerfully, the dissolution was agreed upon, and the rest of the day employed in making division of our property, provisions, tools, etc. That we effected to our mutual satisfaction. It was agreed that he should keep possession of his share of the tent until he had obtained another and decided upon the spot where he would have it pitched. At daybreak the next morning he set off alone, with pan and pick, on a "prospecting" expedition. I got up shortly afterwards, had breakfast, and taking the boy down with me, went to work as usual. It was a very bright, close, cloudless morning; and, shut in as we were by hills on all sides, there was a feeling of suffocation in the atmosphere which rendered our work more than usually oppressive. Not a breath of air forced its way through the narrow gully; and during the day the heat was almost intolerable. We worked on, however, to the end. I had my supper earlier than usual, and was sitting by the fire cleaning and drying the day's gold before adding it to the main store, when the unusual darkness of the evening attracted my attention. A violent storm was impending. A dark mass of lead-colored clouds was rapidly shutting out the blue sky and emitting, as it spread, flashes of forked lightning; low peals of distant thunder rolled along the creek; large drops of rain were already falling slowly, and pattering at intervals on the top of my tent; the trees, which had during the day remained motionless in the dead calm of the atmosphere, were swept with fitful gusts of wind, and had set up a melancholy moaning.

I went out to watch the coming of the storm, and saw the coming of two men who climbed the bank and ran towards the tent. They were even more than usually grim with the wild luxuriance of beard, whiskers, and moustaches, out of which indeed very little more than the extreme points of their noses could be seen with anything like positive distinctness. Appearances, however, go for nothing at the mines. These were both tall, strapping fellows, and were dressed in the extreme of digging costume; for even at the diggings there are fashions. They looked so jaunty, wore such hats and such silk sashes, and displayed their knives so ostentatiously, that by their dress as well as figure I assumed at once that they must be Americans bred in the Californian school. When they spoke, no doubt remained upon that head. They told me that they had been prospecting in the newly-discovered creek, were tired out with the day's walk, and wished to take shelter till the storm was over. Of course I did the honors of my tent; and, after furnishing my guests with a supper, brought out the bottle of spirits kept only for par-

ticular occasions. I found them good company, their conversation turning principally on their own wild lives. The evening ran on, and as there was no lull in the storm, my new acquaintances determined to remain where they were for the night. I supplied them with blankets, and all stretching ourselves upon the floor of the tent, we continued smoking and conversing for some time. Soon afterwards, the covering to the aperture of the tent was thrust aside and my partner came hastily in. He was dripping wet, and said little either to me or to the two strangers; but pouring out, with an unsteady hand, a large quantity of spirits, he divested himself of his wet clothes, wrapped himself up in his blankets, and seemed, as usual, desirous of being left to his own meditations.

We had before been talking upon other matters, but it so happened that, when he came in, the Americans were talking about California. I knew that this topic was distasteful to my partner; but it did not matter then, for he seemed to be deaf or indifferent to everything that was said. From the spot where I lay I could see him, indistinctly, in his dusky corner of the tent, with his head averted, and to all appearance fast asleep. The candle burnt down in the neck of the bottle (which served us for a candlestick), and still the loquacious Californians kept up a running fire of wonderful adventures in which they had been engaged, and in which grisly bears, Cordilleras, Spaniards, monte-tables, Judge Lynch, vigilance-committees, bowie-knives, and revolvers played the most conspicuous parts. The thunder still rolled heavily, and every now and then the tent was illuminated brightly by the lightning; but we did not heed it.

Late in the night we were discussing undiscovered crimes which had been perpetrated in the mines and towns of California. One of the two strangers related, among others, an occurrence which had come within his own experience.

Separated from his party, he had been, he said, for several days exploring the north fork of the American River, a wild, desolate, and almost uninhabited part of the country, in search of new "placers." One evening, about sunset, a storm among the mountains had overtaken him, far from his own camping place. For some time he had looked in vain for shelter, and was beginning to make up his mind to find a cave for the night, when he saw, half way up the side of a range, the welcome gleam of a light, evidently belonging to some tent or hut. On coming nearer, he found that it was burning in a small black covered tent. As the American paused for a moment, when he had said so much, to struggle with his pipe, I heard a stifled sound, and when the next flash of lightning came, I saw that my partner's face was turned towards us.

Wet and tired as he was, the man went on to tell us, he lost no time in crossing an intervening gully and began to climb towards the tent. He was picking his way in the darkness, among loose rocks and stones scattered about, when he was suddenly startled by a shriek of terror or of passion or of pain, followed at once by the report of a pistol in the tent. Then there was dead silence. While looking upward undecidedly, he saw a



figure, muffled in a cloak, suddenly leave the tent and climb very swiftly up the hillside. He either faded away in the darkness of the night, or disappeared over the top of the range. At all events, he saw no more of him.

I can hardly account for the instinct by which I was urged to look, while this was being told, towards Browden. I saw, through some chance-flashes, that he had raised himself on his arm, and that his face was full of horror; that he was listening to the American's tale as though his very life depended on it.

Drawing his knife from its sheath, the man said, he went resolutely up the hill, and at once entered the tent. There he found no living creature. Stretched upon the ground, in a large pool of blood, lay the corpse of a tall man, hideously mutilated and yet warm. His face was so completely shattered, by the close discharge of the pistol, that not a feature could be recognized. His hand still grasped a dagger; and some gold and coin, as well as a pack of monte cards, lay strewn about upon the ground.

Preferring storm and rain to shelter in such company, the digger left the body to itself and made his way to Auburn, which is a village about one mile from the river. What became of the murderer—whether the body was ever found, or whether it rotted away undiscovered and unrevenged, he knew not. It was better, he said (in California particularly), to let such affairs alone; and he had never cared to speak about the matter there. Having told his story, the American proceeded to dilate, for our satisfaction and his own, upon the horrid aspect of the mutilated body. He always thought of it, he said, on stormy nights. When he had quite done, we were all silent for a time; and I saw, by the next flash, that Browden lay completely muffled in his blanket. The instant afterwards, a clap of thunder seemed to burst immediately over our heads; and it was followed by a prolonged human cry—to me, believing that I knew the cause of it—most wild and terrible. It brought us quickly to our feet. A light was struck, and Browden was found to be struggling in a fit. For hours he continued violent during the paroxysms, moaning and sobbing in the pauses between the attacks. It sometimes required the strength of us all to hold him down upon his stretcher. At length, however, in the very early dawn he sank into uneasy slumber; I made no effort to sleep, but feeling feverish and troubled, went outside the tent.

The air after the storm was fresh, and I was soon again brisk enough to set about preparing breakfast. The two men thought nothing of Browden's fits, and my suspicions were based on the vaguest inferences. Yet they were, to me, as certain knowledge. I was not sorry when my guests, abruptly rising, shouldered their picks and shovels, wished me good morning and departed. Left to myself, I for a long time meditated on the course I should pursue. After some consideration, I resolved that, as our total separation was already decided upon, I must leave Browden to follow his own fate, and for my own part go to work as usual. My late partner was still in a deep lethargy, from which I did not attempt to rouse him. I intended, however, to come myself, or to send the boy, from time to time, up from the claim, in case the attacks of the previous night should return upon him. After working for an hour or two, accordingly, the boy was sent up to look after him. He came running down to me, in a few minutes, and told me that the tent was empty and my partner gone. From that hour to this, I never again saw him. He was not a partner to forget, and many months afterwards he was especially called to my memory by a paragraph upon which I lighted while looking through some back numbers of the Bathurst Free Press. I cut it out, for I believe that it relates to Browden.

**BODY FOUND.**—Last evening the remains of a tall man, in an advanced stage of decomposition, were discovered and taken out of the Macquarrie River a few miles below Bathurst, by a person who was fishing near the spot. He was dressed as a gold-digger, wore a scarlet shirt, red silk sash, with a large sheathed knife and high boots. He has not been identified, and had been too long in the water for his features to be at all recognizable. An inquest was held on the body, when no evidence as to the manner in which he came by his death being forthcoming, a verdict of "Found drowned" was returned. No marks of external violence could be discovered on the body.

I have no certain evidence that this was Browden's body, just as I have no evidence that he was guilty of the crime that I imputed to him. But I have told, plainly and truly, those things which led me to believe that my trip to the Turon Diggings was made in such company as few men would have cared to choose, and that my partner reposes in a murderer's grave.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.  
TO A YOUNG CHILD.

BY D. MARTIN, of Mobile.

THOU hast a clear, unsullied brow,  
And bright and dreaming eye,—  
And a spirit free and chainless,  
As cherubs in yon sky!

The meteor lights of intellect,  
Glance lightly on thee now,  
And play like fairy revellers,  
Upon thy parian brow!

Well, be it so—and may thy life  
Be like a summer stream,  
That sparkles into gladness,  
Beneath the sun's bright beam.

May thy brow ne'er wear the coloring  
Of passion's stern commotion,—  
Which darkens many a God-like one,  
While on life's stormy ocean!

May the sunny hours of childhood  
Be the last to pass away,—  
And the setting sun of life's dark night,  
Dawn on a brighter day!

From Chambers's Journal.

## THE SQUATTER'S STORY.

THE only indigenous long-tailed cat in America north of the parallel of 30 degrees, is the cougar. The wild cats, so called, are lynxes with short tails; and of these there are three distinct species. But there is only one true representative of the genus *Felis*, and that is the animal we have mentioned. It has received many trivial appellations. Among Anglo-American hunters, he is called the panther—in their patois, painter. The absence of stripes, such as those of the tiger—or spots, as upon the leopard—or rosettes, as upon the jaguar, have suggested the name of the naturalists, concolor. Discolor was formerly in use; but the other has been generally adopted. There are few wild animals so regular in their color as the cougar: very little variety has been observed among different specimens. Some naturalists speak of spotted cougars—that is, having spots that may be seen in a certain light. Upon young cubs, such markings do appear; but they are no longer visible on the full grown animal. The cougar of mature age is of a tawny red color, almost uniform over the whole body, though somewhat paler about the face and the parts underneath. This color is not exactly the tawny of the lion; it is more of a reddish hue—nearer to what is termed calf-color.

The cougar is far from being a well shaped creature; it appears disproportioned. Its back is long and hollow; and its tail does not taper so gracefully as in some other animals of the cat kind. Its legs are short and stout; and although far from clumsy in appearance, it does not possess the graceful *tournaire* of body so characteristic of some of its congeners. Though considered the representative of the lion in the New World, his resemblance to the royal beast is but slight; his color alone entitles him to such an honor. For the rest, he is much more akin to the tigers, jaguars, and true panthers. Cougars are rarely more than six feet in length including the tail, which is usually about a third of that measurement. The range of the animal is very extensive. He is known from Paraguay to the Great Lakes of North America. In no part of either continent is he to be seen every day, because he is for the most part not only nocturnal in his activity, but one of those fierce creatures that, fortunately, do not exist in large numbers. Like others of the genus he is solitary in his habits, and at the approach of civilization betakes himself to the remoter parts of the forest. Hence the cougar, although found in all of the United States, is a rare animal everywhere, and seen only at long intervals in the mountain valleys or in other difficult places of the forest. The appearance of a cougar is sufficient to throw any neighborhood into an excitement similar to that which would be produced among us by the chase of a mad dog.

He is a splendid tree-climber. He can mount a tree with the agility of a cat; and although so large an animal, he climbs by means of his claws—not by hugging, after the manner of the bears and opossums. While climbing a tree, his claws can be heard crackling along the bark as he

mounts upward. He sometimes lies "squatted" along a horizontal branch—a lower one—for the purpose of springing upon deer, or such other animals as he wishes to prey upon. The ledge of a cliff is also a favorite haunt, and such are known among the hunters as panther-ledges. He selects such a position in the neighborhood of some watering-place, or, if possible, one of the salt or soda springs (licks) so numerous in America. Here he is more certain that his vigil will not be a protracted one. His prey—elk, deer, antelope or buffalo—soon appears beneath, unconscious of the dangerous enemy that cowers over them. When fairly within reach, the cougar springs, and pouncing down upon the shoulders of his victim, buries his claws in its flesh. The terrified animal starts forward, leaps from side to side, dashes into the papaw thickets, or breasts the dense cane-brake, in hopes of brushing off its relentless rider. All in vain! Closely claspings its neck, the cougar clings on, tearing its victim in the throat, and drinking its blood throughout the wild gallop. Faint and feeble, the ruminant at length totters and falls, and the fierce destroyer squats himself along the body, and finishes his red repast. If the cougar can overcome several animals at a time, he will kill them all, although but the twentieth part may be required to satiate his hunger. Unlike the lion in this, even in repletion he will kill. With him destruction of life seems to be an instinct.

There is a very small animal, and apparently a very helpless one, with which the cougar occasionally quarrels, but often with ill success—this is the Canada porcupine. Whether the cougar ever succeeds in killing one of these creatures is not known, but that he attacks them is beyond question, and his own death is often the result. The quills of the Canada porcupine are slightly barbed at their extremities; and when stuck into the flesh of a living animal, this arrangement causes them to penetrate mechanically deeper and deeper as the animal moves. That the porcupine can itself discharge them to some distance, is not true, but it is true that it can cause them to be easily detached; and this it does when rashly seized by any of the predatory animals. The result is, that these remarkable spines become fast in the tongue, jaws, and lips of the cougar, or any other creature that may make an attack on that seemingly unprotected little animal. The fisher (*Mustela Canadensis*) is said to be the only animal that can kill the porcupine with impunity. It fights the latter by first throwing it upon its back, and then springing upon its upturned belly, where the spines are almost entirely wanting.

The cougar is called a cowardly animal: some naturalists even assert that it will not venture to attack man. This is, to say the least, a singular declaration, after the numerous well-attested instances in which men have been attacked, and even killed by cougars. There are many such in the history of early settlement in America. To say that cougars are cowardly now when found in the United States—to say that they are shy of man, and will not attack him, may be true enough. Strange, if the experience of 200 years'

hunting, and by such hunters too, did not bring them to that. I might safely affirm, that if the lions of Africa were placed in the same circumstances, a very similar shyness and dread of the upright biped would soon exhibit itself. What all these creatures — bears, cougars, lynxes, wolves, and even alligators — are now, is no criterion of their past. Authentic history proves that their courage, at least so far as regards man, has changed altogether since they first heard the sharp detonation of the deadly rifle. Even contemporaneous history demonstrates this. In many parts of South America, both jaguar and cougar, attack man, and numerous are the deadly encounters there. In Peru, on the eastern declivity of the Andes, large settlements and villages have been abandoned solely on account of the perilous proximity of these fierce animals.

In the United States the cougar is hunted by dog and gun. He will run from the hounds because he knows they are backed by the unerring rifle of the hunter; but should one of the yelping pack approach too near, a single blow of the cougar's paw is sufficient to stretch him out. When closely pushed, the cougar takes to a tree, and, halting in one of its forks, he humps his back, bristles his hair, looks downward with gleaming eyes, and utters a sound somewhat like the purring of a cat, though far louder. The crack of the hunter's rifle usually puts an end to these demonstrations, and the cougar drops to the ground either dead or wounded. If only the latter, a desperate fight ensues between him and the dogs, with several of whom he usually leaves a mark that distinguishes them for the rest of their lives.

The scream of the cougar is a common phrase. It is not very certain that the creature is addicted to the habit of screaming, although noises of this kind heard in the nocturnal forest have been attributed to him. Hunters, however, have certainly never heard him, and they believe that the scream talked about proceeds from one of the numerous species of owls that inhabit the deep forests of America. At short intervals, the cougar does make himself heard in a note which somewhat resembles a deep-drawn sigh, or as if one were to utter with an extremely guttural expression the syllables: "Co-oo," or even "Cougar." Is it from this that he derives his trivial name?

Some years ago, while residing in Louisiana, I was told a squatter's story, which I have reason to believe to be true in every particular. I had it from the squatter himself, and that is my reason for endorsing its truth, as I knew the narrator, rude creature though he was, to be a man of undoubted veracity. As an incident of hunter life, the story may possess some interest for the general reader; but to the naturalist it will be equally interesting, as illustrating a curious trait in the character of the cougar, as well as other preying animals, when under the influence of fear — the fear of some common danger. These lose at times all their ferocity, and will not molest even those animals upon which they are accustomed to prey. I have observed this forbearance oftentimes myself, but the story of the squatter will fully illustrate it. I shall give it in the language that fell from his own lips, as nearly as I can remember it: —

"Wal, strenger, we nev floods hyur in Loozyanny, sich as, I guess, you've never seed the like o' in England. England ain't big enough to hev sich floods. One o' 'um ud kiver yur whole country, I hev heern said. I won't say that ar's true, as I ain't acquainted with yur jography. I know, howsomdever, they're mighty big freshets hyur, as I hev sailed a skift more'n a hundred mile acrosst one o' 'em, whar thar wan't nothin' to be seen but cypress tops peepin' out o' the water. The floods, as ye know, come every year, but them ar big ones only oncest in a while. Wal, about ten yeern ago, I located in the Red River bottom, about fifty mile or tharabout below Nacketosh, whar I built me a shanty. I hed left my wife an' two young critters in Massissipi state, intendin' to go back for 'em in the spring; so, ye see, I war all alone by meself, exceptin' my ole mar, a Collins's axe, an' of coorse my rifle.

"I hed finised the shanty all but the chinkin' an' the buildin' o' a chimney, when what shed come on but one o' 'em tarnation floods. It war at night when it begun to make its appearance. I war asleep on the floor o' the shanty, an' the first warnin' I hed o' it war the feel o' water soakin' through my ole blanket. I hed been a-dreamin', an' thort it war rainin' an' then agin I thort that I war bein' drowned in the Massissipi; but I wan't many seconds awuke, till I guessed what war in raality; so I jumped to my feet like a started buck, an' groped my way to the door. A sight that war when I got thar. I hed clurred a piece o' ground around the shanty — a kuppel o' acres or better — I hed left the stumps a good three feet high: thar wan't a stump to be seen. My clecrin', stumps an' all war under water; an' I could see it shinin' among the trees all round the shanty. Of coorse, my fust thoughts war about my rifle; an' I turned back into the shanty an' laid my claws upon that quick enough. I next went in search o' my ole mar. She wan't hard to find; for if ever a critter made a noise she did. She war tied to a tree clost by the shanty, an' the way she war a-squealin' war a caution to cats. I found her up to the belly in water, pitchin' an' flounderin' all round the tree. She hed nothin' on but the rope that she war hitched by. Both saddle an' bridle hed been washed away: so I made the rope into a sort o' halter, an' mounted her bare-backed. Jest then I begun to think whar I war a-goin'. The hul country appeared to be under water: an' the nearest neighbor I hed lived acrosst the parairy ten miles off. I knew that his shanty sot on high ground, but how war I to get thar. It war night: I mout lose my way, an' ride chuck into the river. When I thort o' this, I concluded it mout be better to stay by my own shanty till mornin'. I could hitch the mar inside to keep her from bein' floated away; an' for meself, I could climb on the roof. Howsomdever, while I war thinkin' on this, I noticed that the water war a-deepenin', an' it jest kim into my head, that it ud soon be deep enough to drown my ole mar. For meself I wan't frightened. I mout a clomb a tree, an' stayed thar till the flood fell; but I shed a lost the mar, an' that critter war too

valleyble to think o' sich a sacryfize; so I made up my mind to chance crossin' the parairy. Thar wan't no time to be wasted — ne'er a minnit; so I gin the mar a kick or two in the ribs an' started.

"I found the path out to the edge of the parairy easy enough. I hed blazed it when I fust come to the place; an', as the night war not a very dark one, I could see the blazes as I passed atween the trees. My mar knew the track as well as meself, an' swaltered through at a sharp rate, for she knew too thar wan't no time to be wasted. In five minnites we kim out on the edge o' the parairy, an' jest as I expected, the hul thing war kivered with water, an' lookin' like a big pond. I could see it shinin' clur acroost to the other side o' the openin'. As luck ud hev it, I could jest git a glimps o' the trees on the fur side o' the parairy. Thar war a big clump o' cypress, that I could see plain enough; I knew this war clust to my neighbor's shanty; so I gin my critter the switch, an' struck right for it. As I left the timmer, the mar war up to her hips. Of coorse, I expected a good grist o' heavy wadin'; but I hed no idee that the water war a-gwine to git much higher: thar's whar I made my mistake. I hedn't got more'n a kuppel o' miles out, when I diskivered that the thing war a risin' rapidly, for I seed the mar war a-gettin' deeper an' deeper. 'Twan't no use turnin' back now. I ud lose the mar to a dead sartin', if I didn't make the high ground; so I spoke to the critter to do her best, an' kep on. The poor beast didn't need any whippin' — she knew as well's I did meself thar war danger, an' she war a-doin' her darndest, an' no mistake. Still the water riz, an' kep a-risin' until it come clur up to her shoulders. I begun to git skeart in airnest. We wan't more'n half acroost, an' I seed if it riz much more we ud hev to swim for it. I wan't far astray about that. The minnit arter it seemed to deepen suddintly, as if thar war a hollow in the parairy: I heard the mar give a loud gouf, an' then go down, till I war up to the waist. She riz agin the next minnit, but I could tell from the smooth ridin', that she war off o' the bottom. She war swimmin', an' no mistake.

"At fust I thort o' headin' her back to the shanty, an' I drew her round with that intent; but turn her which way I would, I found she could no longer touch bottom. I guess, stronger, I war in a quandairy about then. I 'gun to think that both my own an' my mar's time war come in airnest, for I hed no idee that the critter could iver swim to the other side, 'specially with me on her back, an' putticklarly as at that time these hyur ribs had a sight more griskin upon 'em than they hev now. I wan't much under two hundred at the time, an' that ar no light weight, I reckon. Wal, I war about reckinin' up. I hed got to thinkin' o' Mary an' the childer, and the old shanty in the Massissippi, an' a heap o' things that I hed left unsettled, an' that now come into my mind to trouble me. The mar were still plugin' ahead; but I seed she war sinkin' deeper an' deeper, an' fast losin' her strength, an' I knew she couldn't hold out much longer. I thort at this time that if I got off o'

her back, an' tuk hold o' the tail, she mout manage a leetle better. So I slipped backwards over her hips, an' grapped the long hair. It did do some good, for she swum higher; but we got mighty slow through the water, an' I had but leetle behopes we should reach land.

"I war towed in this way about a quarter o' a mile, when I spied somethin floatin on the water a leetle ahead. It hed growed considerably darker; but thar war still light enough to show me that the thing war a log. An idee now entered my brain-pan, that I mout save meself by takin' to the log. The mar ud then have a better chance for herself; an' maybe, when eased o' draggin' my carcass, that war a-keepin' her back, she mout make footin' somewhar. So I waited till she got a leetle closter; and then, lettin' go o' her tail, I clasped the log, an' crawled on to it. The mar swum on, aparently 'thout missin' me. I seed her disappear through the darkness; but I didn't as much as say good-by to her, for I war efard that my voice mout bring her back agin, an' she mout strike the log with her hoofs, and whammel it about. So I lay quiet, and let her hev her own way.

"I wan't long on the log till I seed it war a-driftin' for thar war a current in the water that set to'uble sharp acroost the parairy. I hed crawled up at one eend, an' got stridelegs; but as the log dipped considerable, I war still over the hams in the water. I thort I mout be more comfortable towards the middle, an' war about to pull the thing more under me, when all at once I seed thar war somethin' clumped up on t'other eend o' the log. 'Twan't very clur at the time, for it had been a-growin' clouider ever since I left the shanty, but 'twar clur enough to show me that the thing war a varmint: what sort, I couldn't tell. It mout be a bar, an' it mout not; but I had my suspects it war eyther a bar or a painter. I wan't left long in doubt about the thing's gender. The log kept makin' circles as it drifted, an' when the varmint kim round into a different light, I caught a glimps o' its eyes. I knew them eyes to be no bar's eyes: they war painter's eyes, an' no mistake. I reckon, stronger, I felt very queery jest about then. I didn't try to go any nearer the middle o' the log; but instead o' that, I wriggled back until I war right plum on the eend of it, an' could git no further. 'Thar I sot for a good long spell 'thout movin' hand or foot. I darn't make a motion, as I war efard it mout tempt the varmint to attack me. I hed no weepun but my knife; I hed let go o' my rifle when I slid from my mar's back, an' it had gone to the bottom long since. I wan't in any condition to stand a tussel with the painter nohow; so I war determined to let him alone as long's he ud me.

"Wal, we drifted on for a good hour, I guess, 'thout eyther o' us stirrin'. We sot face to face; an' now an' then the current ud set the log in a sort o' up-and-down motion, an' then the painter an' I kep bowin' to each other like a pair o' bob-sawyers. I could see all the while that the varmint's eyes war fixed upon mine, an' I never tuk mine from him; I know'd 'twar the only way to keep him still.

"I war jest prospectin' what ud be the eendin'

o' the business, when I seed we war a-gettin' closter to the timmer: 'twan't more than two miles off, but 'twar all under water 'ceptin' the tops o' the trees. I war thinkin' that when the log shed float in among the branches, I mout slip off, an' git my claws upon a tree, 'thout sayin' anythin' to my travellin' companion. Jest at that minnit somethin appeared dead ahead o' the log. It war like a island; but what could hev brought a island thar? Then I recollects that I hed seed a piece o' high ground about that part o' the parairy—a sort o' mound that hed been made by Injuns, I s'pose. This, then, that looked like a island, war the top o' that mound, sure enough. The log war a-driftin' in sich a way that I seed it must pass within twenty yards o' the mound. I detarmined then, as soon as we shed git alongside to put out for it, 'an leave the painter to continue his voyage 'thout me.

"When I first sighted the island I seed somethin' that I hed tuk for bushes. But ther wan't no bushes on the mound—that I knowd. Howsomever, when we got a leetle closter, I diskivered that the bushes were beests. They war deer; for I spied a pair of buck's horns between me an' the sky. But thar war a somethin' still bigger than a deer. It mout be a horse, or it mout be an opelous or ox, but I thort it war a horse. I war right about that, for a horse it war, sure enough, or rayther, I shed say, a *mar*, an' that mar no other than my old critter! Arter partin' company, she hed turned with the current; an' as good-luck ud hev it, hed swum in a bee-line for the island, an' thar she stood lookin' as slick as if she had been greased. The log hed by this got nigh enough, as I kalklated; an' with as little rumpus as possible, I slipped over the eend an' lot go my hold o' it. I wan't right spread in the water, afore I heerd a plump, an' lookin' round a bit, I seed the painter hed left the log, an' tuk the water too! At first, I thort he war arter me; an' I drewed my knife with one hand, while I swum with the other. But the painter did n't mean fight that time. He made but poor swimmin' himself, an' appeared glad enough to get upon dry groun' 'thout molestin' me; so we swum on side by side, 'an not a word passed between us. I did n't want to make a race o' it; so I let him pass me, rayther than that he should fall behind, an' get among my legs. Of course, he landed fust; an' I could hear by the stompin' o' hoofs, that his suddint appearance hed kicked up a jolly stampede among the critters upon the island. I could see both deer and mar dancing all over the groun' as if Old Nick himself hed got among 'em. None o' 'em, howsomever, thort o' takin' to the water. They hed all hed enough o' that, I guess. I kep a leetle round, so as not to land near the painter; an' then, touchin' bottom, I climbed quietly up on the mound. I hed hardly drawed my drrippin' carcass out o' the water, when I heern a loud squeal, which I knew to be the whigher o' my old mar; an' just at that minnit the critter kim runnin' up, an' rubbed her nose agin my shoulder. I tuk the halter in my hand, an' sidling round a leetle, I jumped upon her back, for I still war in fear o' the painter; an' the mar's back appeared to me the safest place about, an' that wan't very safe, I reckon.

"I now looked all round to see what new company I hed got into. The day war jest breakin', an' I could distinguish a leetle better every minnit. The top o' the mound which war above water wan't over a half an acre in size, an' it war as clur o' timmer as any other part o' the parairy, so that I could see every inch o' it, an' everythin' on it as big as a tumble-bug. I reckon, strenger, that you'll hardly believe me when I tell you the concatenation o' varmint that war then an' thar caucused together. I could hardly believe my own eyes when I seed sich a gatherin', and I thort I hed got aboard o' Noah's Ark. Thar war—listen, strenger—fust my ole mar an' meself, an' I wished both o' us anywar else, I reckon—then thar war the painter, yar old acquaintance—then thar war four deer, a buck an' three does. Then kim a catamount; an' arter him a black bar, a'most as big as a buffalo. Then thar war a 'coon an' a 'possum, an' a kuppel o' gray wolves, an' a swamp rabbit, an' darn the thing! a stinkin' skunk. Perhaps the last wan't the most dangerous varmint on the groun', but it sartainly war the most disagreeble o' the hul lot, for it smelt only as a cussed polecat can smell.

"I've said, strenger, that I war mightily tuk by surprise when I fust seed this curious clan-jamfrey o' critters; but I can tell you I war still more dumbfounded when I seed thar behaveyur to one another, knowin' thar different natures as I did. Thar war the painter lyin' clost up to the deer—its nat'ral prey; an' thar war the wolves too; an' thar war the catamount standin' within three feet o' the possum an' the swamp rabbit; an' thar war the bar an' the cunnin' old coon; an' thar they all war, no more mindin' one another than if they hed spent all thar days together in the same penn. 'Twar the oddest sight I ever seed; an' I remembered me o' a bit o' Scriptor my ole mother hed often read from a book called the Bible, or some sich name—about a lion that war so tame he used to squat down beside a lamb, 'thout layin' a claw upon the innocent critter. Wall, strenger, as I'm sayin', the hul party behaved in this very way. They all appeared down in the mouth, an' badly skeart about the water; but for all that, I hed my fears that the painter or the bar—I wan't afeard o' any o' the others—mout git over thar fright afore the flood fell; an' therefore I kept as quiet as any one o' them during the hul time I war in thar company, an' stayin' all the time clost by the mar. But neyther bar nor painter shewed any savage sign the hul o' next day, nor the night that follered it.

"Strenger, it ud tire you war I to tell you all the movements that tuk place among these critters durin' that long day an' night. Ne'er a one on 'em laid tooth or claw on the other. I war hungry enough meself, and ud a liked to hev taken a steak from the buttocks o' one o' the deer, but I darn't do it. I war afeard to break the peace, which mout a led to a general shindy. When day broke next mornin' arter, I seed that the flood war a fallin'; and as soon as it war shallow enough, I led my mar quietly into the water, an' climbin' upon her back, tuk a silent leave o' my companions. The water still tuk my mar up to the flanks, so that I knew none o'



the varmint could follow 'thout swimmin', an' ne'er a one seemed inclined to try a swim. I struck direct for my neighbor's shanty, which I could see about three mile off, an' in an hour or so, I war at his door. Thar I did n't stay long, but borrowin' an extra gun which he happened to hev, and takin' him along with his own rifle, I waded my mar back to the island.

"We found the game not exactly as I hed left it. The fall o' the flood had given the painter, the cat, an' the wolves courage. The swamp rabbit an' the 'possum war clean gone—all but bits of thar wool—an' one o' the does war better'n half devoured. My neighbor tuk one side, an' I the other, an' ridin' clost up, we surrounded the island. I plugged the painter at the fust shot, an' he did the same for the bar. We next

layed out the wolves, an' arter that cooney, and then we tuk our time about the deer—these last an' the bar bein' the only valley'ble things on the island. The skunk we kilt last, as we did n't wan't the thing to stink us off the place while we war a-skinnin' the deer. Arter killin' the skunk we mounted an' left, of coorse loaded with our bar meat an' venison. I got my rifle arter all. When the flood went down, I found it near the middle o' the parairy, half buried in the sludge.

"I saw I hed built my shanty in the wrong place; but I soon looked out a better location, an' put up another. I hed all ready in the spring, when I went back to Massissippi, an' brought out Mary and the two young 'uns."

Thus ended the squatter's story.

**NATURAL TRAP FOR INSECTS.**—Whoever may have occasion to wander out among the numerous sphagnous swamps that diversify the sandy plains in the neighborhood of our city, almost at any time during the month of June, will not fail to have his attention directed to some singularly beautiful clusters of reddish-purple flowers, each one nodding on a solitary footstalk, that ascends from a whorl of far more singularly constituted leaves. These flowers are large in size, with the petals greatly incurved, while the pale-yellow stigma which occupies the centre, expands in such a manner as effectually to conceal the more important organs of fructification from the sight. The leaves, when mature, are of a fine green color, more or less stained with purple, and beautifully veined with a tint of a much deeper hue. In form and general appearance, they have a striking resemblance to some of the antique lamps so often met with in the collections of the curious. The cavity or reservoir, as it has aptly been termed, which occupies the centre of the leaf, is at all times partially filled with water, originating from the dews or rains, into which numerous species of coleoptera and other insects are not unfrequently found drowned, which have met their death in pursuit of a saccharine concretion that copiously exudes from their internal surfaces. By this beautiful provision of nature, these plants are not only abundantly supplied with moisture when the excessive heats of summer are likely to prevail for any length of time, and create unusual drought, but they are likewise thus furnished with the usual amount of animal food which they may necessarily require for their sustenance. The manner in which these insects are imprisoned is curious. Immediately below the throat of these cavities, for the space of nearly an inch, the surface is highly polished, while the lower part of the tube is covered with rigid hairs, all pointing downward. When an insect, in the first instance, is attracted by the secretion of the plant, or perhaps even by the water, descends, as it can easily do along the declining pubescens, it appears incapable of again ascending by its feet alone, and can escape only by a flight so perpendicular as to surpass the power of most insects. Whenever they touch the bristly sides of the tube, they are precipitated again to the bottom, and have to renew their efforts; and many of them, even of the largest size, perish in this ar-

duous and hopeless struggle.—*Country Gentleman (Albany paper), quoted in Chambers's Journal.*

#### THE FALLACY AS TO LAVISH EXPENDITURE.

—We so often meet with individuals of good education and attainments who are unacquainted with the true philosophy respecting lavish expenditure, that it seems not superfluous to present a view of the subject from J. S. Mill's admirable work on Logic:—"The economical workings of society afford innumerable cases in which the effects of a cause consist of two sets of phenomena—the one immediate, concentrated, obvious to vulgar eyes, and passing, in common apprehension, for the whole effect; the other, widely diffused or lying deeper under the surface, and which is exactly contrary to the former. Take, for instance, the vulgar notion, so plausible at the first glance, of the encouragement given to industry by lavish expenditure. A, who spends his whole income, and even his capital, in expensive living, is supposed to give great employment to labor. B, who lives upon a small portion, and invests the remainder in the funds, is thought to give little or no employment. For everybody sees the gains which are made by A's tradesmen, servants, and others, while his money is spending. B's saving, on the contrary, passes into the hands of the person whose stock he purchased, who with it pays a debt he owed to some banker, who lends it again to some merchant or manufacturer; and the capital, being laid out in hiring spinners and weavers, or carriers and the crews of merchant-vessels, not only gives immediate employment to as much industry at once as A employs during the whole of his career, but, coming back with increase by the sale of the goods which have been manufactured or imported, forms a fund for the employment of the same, and perhaps a greater quantity of labor in perpetuity. But the careless observer does not see, and therefore does not consider, what becomes of B's money: he does see what is done with A's; he observes the amount of industry which A's profusion feeds; he observes not the far greater quantity which it prevents from being fed; and thence the prejudice, universal to the time of Adam Smith, and even yet only exploded among persons more than commonly instructed, that prodigality encourages industry, and parsimony is a discouragement to it."

From Sharpe's Magazine.

## THE CZAR AND THE SULTAN.

A FRAGMENTARY TURKO-RUSSIAN LEGEND.

BY A CHAIRVOTANT.

THE Sultan sits in his grand divan,  
As only a tailor or Mussulman can,  
With his legs across, his knees asunder,  
And his feet out of sight tuck'd neatly under.

The Sultan sits in a tight surtout,  
Button'd up to his throat, and of plain dark blue;  
With a scarf of the finest cashmere, tied  
Round his waist, and the ends flowing loose at side;

And trousers of crimson, embroidered with lace,  
And remarkable only for plenty of space;  
While jauntily stuck on his Majesty's head  
Is a little fez cap, of the brightest of red.

His beard is black, and black his eyes,  
And both are of rather extra size;  
His cheeks are hollow, as if the past  
Of his Majesty's life had been too "fast;"  
And, though in his years he is still a young fellow,  
His skin is decidedly wrinkled and yellow.

The Sultan sits and smokes away, —  
Not a meerschaum, pipe, nor a pipe of clay,  
Nor a pipe with a bowl of painted china,  
Like those which in London so frequently line a  
Tobacconist's windows, attracting young gents  
(And old ones at times, on some flimsy pretence,)  
By pictures of damsels, in costumes the oddest,  
And scantiest too — rather classic than modest.

What the Sultan smoked had a silver bowl  
Of a bell-like shape, and into a hole  
At the top of the bell, as it stood on the ground,  
Was fitted a flexible tube, which wound  
In many a coil, ere its amber tip  
Rest'd at length on the Sultan's lip;  
And through this tube, from its grossness freed,  
Came the scented smoke of the fragrant weed.

In silence smokes the Sultan there  
With a changeless face, and the outward air  
Of a man without a thought or care.

It's certainly true

That the Sultan knew

His affairs have begun to look terribly blue;

That his people, his throne,

His crown — let alone

The head that is in it — may soon be o'erthrown;  
And he owns in his heart that the dolefullest  
"phiz" he e'er

Saw in his lifetime is that of his Vizier.

But the Sultan quietly smokes his hookah —  
He is n't the man at such moments to look a  
Shade more excited than usual, deeming  
Excitement by no means a monarch beseming.  
He would n't move either a limb or a feature,  
Or even an eyebrow, for any born creature;  
Nay — we even believe that his muscles would  
twitch not

With the devil to pay, and without any pitch hot!

The Vizier enters the grand divan —  
A dried-up, yellow-faced, ancient man;  
And he makes a formal, deep salaam,

And tries to look quite unmoved and calm;  
But the Vizier's heart in his breast is thumping,  
As hard as a pavier the granite bumping  
While mending the roadways, which somehow in  
London

Will get out of order as soon as there's one done.

And when the Vizier has done his bow,  
The Sultan says with an unchanged brow,  
As he puffs a cloud, "Well — what's the row?"  
"Sublimest of rulers!" the Vizier begins  
"Great monarch of monarchs! may all of my  
sins

Be forever unpardoned by Allah, if I,  
Your sublimity's slave, tell your highness a lie!  
The Russians — "I thought so!" the Sul-  
tan says,

As he strokes his beard, and shifts his fez,  
"Whenever I see any minister come  
With a face such as yours is — so long and so  
glum —

I know that I'm booked for a long dissertation  
About that infernal, detestable nation.

I tell you I'm heartily sick of the matter —  
The Russians and you, with your dull prosy  
chatter.

If I'm monarch of monarchs (as all sultans are),  
Why the deuce do n't you bring me the head of  
the Czar?

The title's a sham — it's all rubbish, ridiculous,  
Nothing more than a plaything — a feather to  
tickle us —

Unless it will give us the head of this Nicholas."

Thus the Sultan ends;

The Vizier bends,

And whiffing his hookah, the Sultan sends  
From his lips and his nose such a volume of  
smoke

As any one else than a sultan would choke,

And, in fact, as it goes

Up the Vizier's nose,

A twist of the Vizier's countenance shows —  
Were it not that the act might his highness dis-  
please —

"T'would be a relief to the Vizier to sneeze.

But he eases it off

With a little short cough,

And his heart ev'ry moment more loud in its knockings,

Wishes any one else than himself in his stock-  
ings.

"Great Monarch," he says, "your Sublimity  
knows

That this Nicholas lives among mountains and  
snows,

Surrounded each side by an army of bears,  
With wolves for their sentinels — posted in  
pairs —

And a squadron of eagles perched up in the  
skies,

To watch over all with their long-sighted eyes."

With a long-drawn puff,

And a voice as gruff

As the music of Jullien's big trombone,

The Sultan remarks —

"Come, none of your larks!

Mr. Vizier, you'd better leave joking alone."

Then down on his knees the Vizier falls,  
And loudly on Allah and Mohammed calls,  
To attest what he says, while the Sultan indignant.

Asks, "What in the name of the deuce the old prig meant?"

Can't he tell out his story?

He is such a bore, — he

Goes swearing and praying, instead of first stating

His facts, while he knows that his master's kept waiting."

Then up jumps the Vizier,

His head feeling dizzier,

But firmly resolving to blurt out the truth;

And he says, in a tone

'Twixt a sigh and a groan,

"Great Monarch, the Russians have crossed the Pruth!"

The Sultan takes a tremendous whiff,

In the style that the vulgar call "drawing it stiff;"

And watching the smoky clouds gracefully wave,

Observes, with decision — "The devil they have!"

The minister waits for another word,

But no more from the Sultan's lips is heard;

With a nod to the Vizier — a hint he can spare him —

The Sultan walks quietly off to his harem.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Czar Nicholas sits in his large arm-chair,  
With his eyes on the floor in a steady stare,  
In his great cuirass of polished steel,  
And his long jack-boots with spurs at the heel.  
And he scratches his ear, and bites his nails,  
And from under his seat he pulls his tails,  
(The tails of his coat are the tails we allude to;  
We beg to explain, lest we seem to be rude to  
His Majesty, seeing that one of his name  
To a *personal* caudal appendage lays claim);  
And he twists and he turns, and looks up and  
looks down,  
Like a man, or a czar, in a study called  
"brown;"

And he jumps from his chair, and he paces the floor,

And again he sinks down in his chair as before;

And at last takes a pull at the bell, in a fashion  
That shows a slight touch of imperial passion.

A page or a groom

Slips into the room,

And trembles, remarking his Majesty's gloom;

While a voice, that to hear

Is t'obey and to fear,

Says, briefly and gruffly — "Send Nesselrode here."

Over the stones,

At the risk of his bones,

At a gallop speeds Nesselrode's carriage along;

To the palace he goes,

And the minister knows

Czar Nicholas isn't the man to wait long.

Nesselrode enters the Emperor's hall,

Nesselrode's eyes on the Emperor fall,

And Nesselrode says to himself — "I wonder  
What's coming — it certainly looks like thunder  
And yet I can't think that we've made a blunder."

"How are you, Count Nesselrode? take a seat,"  
Says the Czar with a smile that he means to be  
sweet;

But, coming from him,

There is something half grim,

In the twist of his mouth — an expression between a

Cat with a mouse, and a grinning hyena.

Nesselrode's bow

Is exceedingly low,

Intended his loyal obedience to show;

And as soon as he's seated, without delay

The Czar says out what he has to say —

"Touching the Turks and this grand commotion,"

I think, Count N., that I've got a new notion."

Nesselrode thinks, *if he has* 't is strange —

The thing's so "used up," that the glimpse of a change

In any one's views, on a subject so flat,

Must be rare as plain truth — or a Turk in a hat.

"It's remarkably clear that our actions all tally

With what we've professed — there's been no shilly-shally;

They've been straight to the point — what we've said we'll have done,

Of that there can't be the least doubt — and there's none."

Nesselrode bows a complete assent,

Comprehending at once what his Majesty meant —

That, having proclaimed they should pillage their neighbors,

They'd commence in good earnest their Christian-like labors.

"Well, that being settled, suppose we proclaim  
To all people the justice and truth of our claim —

Send round to the several courts of each nation,  
A defying and bullying grand proclamation.

We won't call it that, by-the-bye — p'raps we'd better

Bestow on't the name of a "circular letter."

Nesselrode doesn't know what to think —

He has very high notions of printer's ink

When rightly employed, with due care and due tact,

In telling a lie, or suppressing a fact.

But bullying nations is dangerous ground —

A policy Nesselrode scarcely thinks sound.

So Nesselrode mildly suggests a doubt,

As to how might the end of the thing turn out;

"Would his Majesty please to explain more fully

In *what* way, and *whom*, he proposed to bully?"

"All Europe, of course! all the world — ev'ry soul —

North, south, east, and west — from the Line to each Pole —

I'll frighten them all into fits; the mere shaking  
Of Russia's big fist will set all of them quaking.

John Bull, with his blustering airs, the old rogue,

he

Fears Russia as much as a child fears a boggy ;  
While his neighbor, the newly fledged Emperor  
— drat him,

Between you and me, I *should* like to get at him ;  
He'll have plenty of trouble in keeping the crown  
on him,

Without running chances of bringing me down  
on him.

There's Austria — bah ! the poor crazy old thing,  
It's only a puppet, and I pull the string.

There's Prussia — you know that in Europe  
there's *no* land

More deep in my debt, in the matter of Poland.

What are there besides ? — little states, eight or  
nine of them,

The imperial guard of our palace might dine on  
them.

I say, *bully them all*, ev'ry single man-Jack of them,  
Take an Emperor's word you'll alarm the whole  
pack of them."

So saying, the Czar hits the table a crack,  
And, crossing his legs and reclining straight  
back,

In his great easy chair, gives a sort of a sinister  
Glance and a grin at his petrified minister.

Count Nesselrode's "posed" — he's completely  
confounded —

By the wonderful plan that the Czar has pro-  
pounded.

Insulting all Europe he doesn't think wrong,  
But suggests that it's "coming it *rather* too  
strong."

"Not a bit — not a bit —

It's strong — that's just it :

In the face of all Europe I venture to spit.

Of course I shall shock it —

The remonstrance, I mock it —

The offence, as they'll find, they must manage to  
pocket.

So take up your quill,

Write away, sir, until

You've taught all the nations a bit of my will ;

And don't be too nice,

Put in plenty of spice —

Why the deuce should the cat be afraid of the  
mice ?"

So Nesselrode, grasping a goose quill, writes  
On a foolscap sheet what the Czar indites ;  
And the "circular letter" comes out — an affair  
That makes all Europe gape and stare.

Austria chuckles,

And rubs her knuckles,

With joy at the fun,

And wishes, for one,

*She'd* only the pluck to let off such a gun.

Prussia gets hot,

And cries "*Mein Gott!*"

France in amaze,

*Ventre bleu* and *sacré*,

And vows to set Moscow again in a blaze ;

While phlegmatic John Bull,

Taking first a long pull

At a pot of his stout,

Wonders what it's about :

If it's only a brag, or

An impudent swagger,

He'll laugh at the thing ; for John Bull daily  
learns

The folly of meddling in others' concerns.

But, seeing at last it's a question of "tin" to him,  
Says, "Be hang'd to his insolence, *won't* I walk  
into him !"

\* \* \* \* \*

Czar Nicholas sits in his chair again,

In his great cuirass ; but it's certainly plain

Czar Nicholas isn't in quite such glee

As his Majesty whilome was wont to be.

He's gnawing his thumb,

He's looking half glum,

And for several minutes sits perfectly dumb ;

While Nesselrode, there

In the opposite chair,

Twirls his fingers with quite an abstracted air.

And in short you may guess,

From their look of distress,

They consider themselves in a bit of a mess.

There's somewhere a twist,

Some stroke has been missed,

Some movement has tripped,

Some scheme has been nipped

In the bud, and the clever concoctors are hipped.

The Czar and his man look as "sold" and as  
silly

As the man at the Oaks who has backed the  
wrong filly.

Czar Nicholas "hems," and clears his throat,  
And mutters some words about "drawing a  
note."

Nesselrode rouses, and pricks up his ears,

By no means quite sure if he rightly hears.

"But is't in his Majesty's contemplation

To concoct any further and fresh proclama-  
tion ?"

"Proclamation be — never mind what — it's not  
*that*

I'm thinking about ; I'm not quite such a flat

As to let you go trying your hand at a second,

The harm of your *first*, sir's not easily reckoned."

Nesselrode scarcely restrains a cry,

Which sounds remarkably like "Oh my !"

As he thinks, with a pang and a heart-drawn sigh,

Of imperial gratitude, laying the blame

On his shoulders — well knowing he could n't dis-  
claim

The "circular letter," as bearing his name.

"Look here !" says the Czar, "let us see how we  
stand ;

We're deserted and threatened on every hand.

There are England and France, swearing firmest  
alliance

To back up the Porte, and set us at defiance ;

There's Austria, too, even ventures to double,

(Catch me ever again helping *him* out of trouble) ;

There's Prussia, at present not certainly moving,

But backing the others by calmly approving.

All Europe against us — half Asia to follow —

Such odds even Russia herself can scarce swallow

But Austria does n't like fighting — I know it —

He has n't the pluck, but he don't like to show it ;

In fact, he's just now in so downright a seedy state,

He's of all men in Europe the fellow to mediate.

I know him — in spite of his valorous look —

To quarrel with me won't at all suit his book;—  
He shall set things to rights—he shall serve me,  
sir, yet;

Hang the fellow! I'm sure he's enough in my  
debt.

Let us draw an "accommodation note,"  
And, as soon as the paper is set afloat,  
Austria shall back it—all Europe lay claim to it  
As theirs—and the Sultan will soon put his name  
to it.

Let Austria and me just manage the work,  
It's odd if, between us, we don't 'sell' the Turk."

\* \* \* \* \*

The Sultan sits in his Great Divan,  
As the Sultan sat when our tale began,  
And he smokes as before, that you can hardly  
see a  
Yard through the clouds of his Latakia.

And his Vizier is there, and he bows and scrapes,  
And hands up a paper bound round with tapes,  
And inscribed "To the Sultan, with Austria's re-  
spects."

And the Sultan reads through it—looks half  
perplex'd—  
And then pitches it from him, and growls "What  
next!

Sign *that*! put my name to that note! a nice  
chap

Is Austria, indeed, to have laid such a trap.  
A pretty bright flame through all Turkey 'twould  
kindle,

If I sign'd such a thing—it's a regular swindle;  
A case of "note-stealing" which Austria's con-  
vincing at;

And they think I'm so blind—I can see what  
they're driving at:

They'll find their mistake—I'll do only what's  
right;

And I *won't* be bamboozled—so *that* cock won't  
fight."

Thus saying, he tosses the paper, and kicks it  
Across to his Vizier, who quietly picks it  
From off the divan, wond'ring what's in the  
wind, he

Ne'er saw in his life greater signs of a "shindy."

\* \* \* \* \*

Again the Czar Nicholas sits in his chair,  
And, under his breath, he's heard to swear  
About "blessed" young Turks, and their won-  
derful keenness;

And Austrian humbug, ingratitude, meanness;  
And French animosity, *parvenu* crowned heads;  
And English monarcho-republican "roundheads;"

And Prussian neutrality;

And the wretched fatality,

That nobody meets him with real cordiality,  
While ev'ry one talks about "Russian rascality."

Nesselrode comes in a dudgeon of a fright,  
His teeth on a chatter, his face all white,  
And he stutters and chokes at the news he tells—  
"The fleets have entered the Dardanelles!!"

Nicholas starts, and his great big chest  
By the great cuirass feels quite oppress'd,  
While his knees and his legs half-shaky feel,  
In his long jack-boots with the spurs at the heel,

Till at length he asks, with a ray of hope,  
"Count Nesselrode, how are we off for—soap?"

No lips ever uttered a deeper sigh,  
No tear ever glistened in sadder eye,  
No heart in a breast ever louder thump'd,  
Than Count N's, as he answers, "Completely  
stump'd!"

"By Jove!" says the Czar, "then we are in the  
wrong box—  
No friends out of doors, and no tin in the strong box!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The journals of Austria, England, and France,  
Proclaim to the world that there's scarcely a  
chance

Of a war with the Czar;

He's too moderate far

In his views and his wishes for any such meas-  
ures;

Preserving the peace is his greatest of pleasures.

He's been misunderstood;

He's really too good

To think of oppressing a nation that's weak;

With "unbounded resources,"

And "terrible forces,"

What Europe thinks justice is *all* he would seek.

Nay, it's even been hinted,

And more than once printed,

That, rather than fight,

He'll relinquish his right,

And retreat at the moment the Turks come in  
sight;

Not at all from the lack

Of "pluck" to attack,

And crush all their armies, or drive them all back;  
Not from fear of an onslaught from every quarter,

But from meekness and mildness and hatred of  
slaughter!

But 'tis pity those fellows,

The Turks, are so jealous

At the least interference for simple humanity;

For, of course, the Czar's cause

Deserves our applause,

As his object is plain—to *protect Christianity*!

In short, though our pen is not given to flatter,  
We confess that the more we look into matter

The less we can guide

Our mind to decide

Which most is deserving of admiration—

Czar Nicholas' courage—or moderation!

#### MORAL.

To the nations of Europe I preach;

Let them list to the lesson I teach;

'T will do them good service to learn it!

Of such lessons, though simple indeed,

I fear they stand greatly in need,

So woe to the nations that spurn it:—

Do n't "bully" in haste,

It's not only bad taste,

But you'll get yourselves into a hobble;

And if ending in *Vox*,

Without coming to knocks,

It's as bad as an old woman's squabble.



And then, bear in mind,  
It's not easy to find  
All the money that war will require;  
For, arrange as you may,  
There'll be *something* to pay,  
If the thing ends in smoke or in fire.

So if, as you're told,  
Ev'ry settlement's *gold*,  
Why it's clearly according to Cocker,  
That no one can settle  
Accounts in that metal  
Who has n't a shot in the locker.

A. W. COLE.

From Household Words.

## FAIRYLAND IN 'FIFTY-FOUR.

O, BROTHERS GRIM; O, Madame D'Anois, O, Sultana Scheherazade and Princess Codadad, why did you die? O, Merlin, Albertus Magnus, Friar Bacon, Nostradamus, Doctor Dee, why did I implicitly believe in your magic; and then have my confidence utterly abused by Davy, Brewster, Liebig, Faraday, Lord Brougham and Dr. Bachhoffner of the Polytechnic Institution? What have I done that all the gold and jewels and flowers of Fairyland should have been ground in a base mechanical mill and kneaded by you — ruthless unimaginative philosophers — into Household Bread of Useful Knowledge administered to me in tough slices at lectures and forced down my throat by convincing experiments? Are the Good People, the Brownies, the Leprechauns, the Banshees, the Witch-wolves, White Ladies, Witches, Pixies, Wilis, Giants, Ogres, Fairy god-mothers, Good Women in the Wood, Genii, Ghoules, Afrites, Peris, Elves, to give up the ghost; and am I to be deprived of all the delicious imaginings of my childhood and have nothing in their stead?

"By no means," answers a burly Djinn in a white hat and a frock coat with a huge lily in the button-hole, "Come with me, and I will conjure for you, by the aid of my crystal (a million times bigger and clearer than the crystal of Raphael the astrologer), a fairy palace with fairy terraces, and fairy gardens, and fairy fountains, compared to which the palace of Sardanapalus was a hovel, and the gardens of the Hesperides a howling waste. You shall see through my crystal, so far into the past, that the retrospection shall not end, until the world before the flood is revealed to you, with the fat, slimy, scaly monsters which then had life upon it. You shall be made as well acquainted with an Egyptian tomb as you are with St. Clement's churchyard, and shall wander into the *cella* of a Nubian temple as familiarly as you would enter your own parish church. You shall sit awe-struck on the steps of an Assyrian palace; you shall draw hard breath in a Grecian temple; you shall slake your thirst at the fountain in a Byzantine court; you shall tread on the prayer-carpet in a Moorish mosque; you shall wag your beard in the hall of a Mediæval castle; and you shall be hospitably entertained in a Pompeian house. You shall see, in their habits as they were, the heroes and sages of all time, and the Art of all time and the skill of all nations. You shall be transported in one minute from this your native cold and wet to the warm and spicy airs of the tropics; and in one step you shall exchange your own hedge thorn and stunted herb-

age for the gigantic palms and rich grasses of the East. You shall range over the earth's surface and cull the choicest trees and fruits and flowers; you shall behold the lion in his native lair and the tiger in his jungle. Only look through my crystal long enough; and, beginning as ignorant as a Hottentot, you shall end wiser a hundred fold than Solon. Enter!"

The magician is right; but as Beauty's chamber was guarded by griffins, and all enchanted castles are defended by dragons, so is Fairyland guarded by gnomes; blue, and uncompromising. One occupies a little crypt on either side of the door by which visitors are admitted to Fairyland in Crystal. To judge from the costumes of these gnomes you would take them to be plain constables of the Metropolitan Police; but, my word for it, they have all the gnomical *et ceteras* beneath their uniform and oilskin. The entrance to Fairyland is not effected by rubbing a lamp, or clapping the hands three times, or by exclaiming "Open Sesame;" but as a concession to the non-magical tendencies of some of the visitors, a commutation is accepted in the shape of five shillings current money of the realm. These may be paid in the very palpable and business-like shape of two half crowns; but you may be sure they no sooner enter the exchequer of Fairyland than they change into dry leaves. In a like spirit of concession to mundane prejudices, you undergo a ceremony, apparently that of signing your name in a book; but which is doubtless the preliminary for having your horoscope cast. So also you are presented with a document ostensibly resembling a pass-check, but which is a talisman of the Abracadabraic description; for the moment you receive it you find yourself framed and glazed in the very middle of the great magic crystal.

Don't look about you — don't seek to penetrate yet into any one of the Fine Art Courts into which this fairy crystal is divided, but hurry up the very first staircase. Pursue its geometrical windings up, and up, and up, till you can mount no further. Then approach the railing of the topmost, endmost gallery. Grasp the balustrade firmly; suppress whatever sudden impulse may come over you to turn giddy, to faint away, or to throw yourself headlong from the gallery. Set your lips firm, and look straight ahead — along the glorious length and breadth of the nave of the Crystal Palace. Messrs. Aladdin, Vathek and Company, built very magnificent palaces in their time; but *this* one is immeasurably beyond them. Castles of steel, brass, cedar, adamant, amber, and chalcidony, hide your diminished heads! Grand Cairo, Stamboul, Bagdad, Ispahan, Tyre, Sidon, Rhodes, Nineveh, you possessed — all of you — some very magnificent struc-

tures; your architectural glories will last as long as human knowledge, yet *this* thought never struck you. You never could combine magnificence, strength, lightness, space, perspective color, out of glass and iron, deal boards and zinc *louvres*. Your fairies were clumsy architects compared with the great magician of the lily. "Not a frieze, nor a pediment, nor a portico," sighs Vitruvius. "Not a single Corinthian pilaster or a Doric entablature," grumbles Palladio. "Where are the Parian marbles, the mahogany, the carving, the gilding, and the enriched mouldings?" roars Orlando Gibbins. "It's very nice and very pretty, but it's only a perpetual repetition of a column, a girder, a truss, a gallery, a window, and a ridge-and-furrow roof." "Of course," answers Cosmos Murchison, "could it be otherwise? Isn't it a crystal? and isn't a crystal an agglomeration of identical forms. Split a crystal, and will not the fractures be precisely of the same shape as the parent piece?" It is this very Fairy-repetition, this geometrical painting, if I may call it so, that constitutes, in my mind, the chiefest beauty of Crystal Fairyland. The repetition of girder and gallery and column; the multifarious intersections of shaft and girder, quadrangle following quadrangle, nave and aisles, transept and wings, courts and galleries interlacing, intercepting, in such admirably regular irregularity—in such rigid yet fanciful perspective; all, when taken singly, patterns of sublimity; all, when combined into a whole, a grand spectacle of artistic contrivance, which has left the mark of the modern magician's wand.

Gaze yet your fill up and down this glorious nave. Can you have any doubt of this being Fairyland? Look at that huge female head in the far, far distance. That only marks the centre of the nave. Gaze at the working fairies below, tinkling and hammering, and the Palace growing, it would seem, visibly beneath their fingers. They seem few and far between, these working fairies, yet there are four thousand of them employed about Fairyland. You come on them unawares—a nail is being driven here, a rivet fastened, a sash fitted there; but from the gallery the nave looks a vast solitude. It being a fairy palace, the visitors and the workmen are swallowed up in its immensity.

Very wonderful is the mixture of familiar things with those that in their grandeur approach the sublime. The hall of the Fairy Palace is strangely strewn with tools and fragments of planking and old ropes. We look above, and the eye wanders through maze after maze of bright but harmonious colors. We look below, and the eye falls on brick pits (like neat family graves), being built for stoves or for the reservoirs of fountains; on yawning caverns, disclosing neat arrays of anything but supernatural gas and water pipes; on mounds of bricks (some thousands in each doubtless), which look from the lofty gallery no bigger than dust-heaps; and stranger than all, in the midst of all this finished and unfinished beauty, the dusky fairies sprinkle themselves about in their fustian and corduroy.

Descend. Down, and down, and down, we follow the windings of the corkscrew staircase;

iron, as what is not that is to be strong in this wonderful place? We are on the ground floor. Glancing above, straightway we see a giddy scaffolding and a forest of poles, and columns, and girders, the skeleton of another wing of the Fairy Palace yet unglazed and incomplete. And without too, through the transparent walls we see towering high, a gigantic elaboration of our acquaintance the corkscrew staircase, winding up and up, and hugging, like a serpent, a lofty campanile. This is to be the enchanted tower of the Fairy Palace, which is to give water power to those grand fountains which are to laugh the vaunted *grandes eaux* of Versailles to scorn, and cause the statue of the *grand monarque* to hide his diminished wig. Passing yet along, elbowed by sheds, plankings, travelling paint-pots, locomotive steam engines, poles and ladders, we see too, another scaffolding, and passing it we shudder, and think of the scaffolding that fell the other day; when all the wisdom of the magician, and all the subtlety of the contractors could avail nothing against the stern will of the demon Gravity.

We pass a fustian fairy who is deliberately cutting bread and cheese with a very unfairy-like knife, and we are in Egypt. In Egypt. Here is Rameses, and here are all his dynasties. Here is the god Anubis. Here Isis, cat, dog, crocodile, and cow divinities; hieroglyphics, sarcophagi, strange doorways with winged summits, beetling massive columns with palm tree capitals. Where are the priests of Isis, to feed the sacred crocodiles upon cakes of flour and honey? Where is old Herodotus, to sit upon the plinth of this huge statue and tell us diverting lies? Where is Pharaoh's butler, and where is Pharaoh's baker? Yonder is the frowning, gigantic, towering, enigmatical head of the sphinx. Where is the desert, and where are the pyramids, and the Hebrew brickmakers, and the straw, without which they could not make the bricks? Yonder are the legs of Memnon; where is his temple, where the plain of Thebes, where Memphis, where the labyrinth of Meris, and the mysteries?

Rub your eyes. Dear me! dear me! This is not Egypt; but merely a court of the Fairy Palace, representing the progress of Egyptian art. The sphinx is only plaster of Paris, and two Italian modellers in dusty moustaches and blouses, flaked with white like the frost of a twelfth cake, are giving the finishing touch to the legs of Memnon. So from Egypt into Nineveh, from Nineveh into Greece, from Greece into Rome, from Rome to the Renaissance, from the Renaissance to the Louis Quatorze. We wander from court to court, each firmly stamping in our mind's eye the use and progress, and culmination and decadence of every school, losing ourselves in the mazes of antiquity, and finding ourselves in the Crystal Palace again. Lost every now and then in wonders of art and architecture, from the winged lions of Nineveh to Rauch's great statue of Bavaria; from the triumphs of Sesostris to Pradier's colossal Victories sculptured for the tomb of Napoleon; from the Discobolus, the dying Gladiator, the Medicean Venus, to Marochetti's statue of Washington.

Somebody tells me that in 'fifty-four, these

splendid courts of art will exhibit the finest collection of models of sculpture in the world. Every museum in Europe has been ransacked, and the cream of each has been brought to Fairyland to teach the English people to understand, to appreciate, to love art. I say, to teach them. They are teachable, docile, eager even to learn; but they have not been taught as yet. They shall leave the penny plain and twopence colored style, and the smooth album landscapes and poonah exteriors, and smirking heads; the highly finished engravings of stags ripping up one another's entrails with their horns, the colossal statues of kings without stirrups, and kings with pigtailed, and dukes upon the tops of doors, and admirals on the top of masts. Here, in the Fairy Palace of our modern magician, Josephus Lilien-sis, will be spread before them a banquet culled from the choicest treasures of the Louvre, the Vatican, the Museo Borbonico, the Pitti Palace, and the Glyptotheca, and as they run they will read — aye, and read to a glorious purpose.

A curious population may be noted in this department of Fairyland. Hirsute men with faces full of stern determination are busily putting together, and finishing, and refurbishing up great statues, and busts, and groups of animals. Giacomo Perugio, from Bologna, perchance, is skillfully adjusting, in an anatomical manner the arm of the Farnese Hercules; while Bartolomeo Guari is peacefully heating Plaster of Paris in a homely iron saucepan wherewith to fasten on the head of the Erycinian boar. Huge, baker-like sacks, containing the flour of art — the snowy gypsum of which these goodly sculpture loaves are moulded — are strewn about, with their plain canvas and ruddled sides in curious propinquity to the most exquisite creations of Phidias and Praxiteles, to the mysterious aspirations of the nameless but deathless sculptors of Babylon and Egypt. Diana the huntress, and Antinow, and the Gladiator, and the Fawn dancing, and the Fawn laughing. Grecian and Roman Fairyland holds them all. They are all here, breathing that immortal life of beauty and poetry which laughs at the scythe of Time, and the fury of barbarism, and the neglect of ignorance; which has survived — and will, through all ages, even though it be only in a shattered *torso* or a maimed limb — the fanaticism of the iconoclast, the antiquarian sacrilege of the Christian, the shells and gunpowder of the barbarous Turk. These Fine Art Courts of the Fairy Palace not only carry the mind back thousands of years — to the Forum and the Acropolis, Semiramis and Sennacherib, to Alcibiades, and Augustus; but, by the mere potency of their beauty and refinement of embodied thought, purifies and enlightens, elevates and ennobles our intellects and our hearts. These plaster casts are monuments of pure, honest, soulful art. Their prototypes were chiselled, doubtless, by pagans and pantheists; but, of a surety, even though unknown to them, a breath from heaven must have touched the strings of these men's souls; the lux, the light, the fire of genius, must have been in them, with them — in their plastic fingers, with their fervent hearts when they moulded these forms and faces — immortal, unapproachable, save by the human

frames whose most exquisite conditions they delineate.

Fairyland behind the scenes! The wonders of the Forum and the Acropolis standing on wooden plinths (afterwards to be plastered) labelled "Fragile, with care, this side up." Greece and Athens have come to Sydenham by railway. The Emperor Trajan has travelled by a vile, mechanical luggage train on the South-Eastern Railway. The Medicean Venus has been in the care of Messrs. Chaplin and Horne, and the Laocoon has been delivered by Messrs. Pickford as if he had been a grand pianoforte or an engine boiler. Brought to the very portals of Fairyland by a burly carter, with a brass-clasped blotting-paper-interleaved account book, in which he has requested the authorities of Fairyland to register the receipt of the package.

Fairyland begins to assume a pantomimic appearance — so many and so sudden are the transitions. Delighted with Greece and Rome, our minds saturated with classical associations, we saunter along, looking back with something quite like regret and gentle love on the days of the *Gradus ad Parnassum*, and Trochees, and dactyls, and spondees. The mystic numbers of the *As in præsenti* float through our memory like strains of bygone music; we sigh to toil once more over the arches of the *Pons asinorum*, when *presto*, we are in the midst of steam engines, hot-water pipes, fairies in fustion, and bricks and tiles.

Tiles, certainly; but somebody points out to us that we have not quite done with the classics yet. These tiles, as somebody commends to our attention, are of a peculiar shape and make. They were fashioned very probably by a simple Teddy the Tiler, or some other industrial equally innocent of the classics, for a special and very classical purpose. For that — no less — of tiling the house of a Roman gentleman in the Roman city of Pompeii.

Into which, through as unadulterated an English boarding door as ever had "no admittance except on business" inscribed upon it, we speedily intrude into the chamber of a Roman maiden, the saloon of a Pompeian family, or the study of an old world student. The walls are alive with forms and colors of enchanting brightness. Cupids, peeping archly out of bowers; mimic bird-cages, with birds pecking at the wires strung from the roof with threads of paint; reclining fauns; satyrs, twinkling fun out of their roguish eyes, and bachantes dancing on slack ropes of wreathed flowers. Mystic signs, and landscapes, and pilasters that seem to start into the room, and make you careful not to run against their true perspective. Then, in the open court, beside the family fountain (sweet substitute for the Englishman's fireside) how eloquent, how classical, how poetical, how sentimental one might be in this Roman house! Now is the time to think about the atrium, the sedilia, the cothurnus, the toga virilis, amphore, the street of Tombs and the house of the Tragic Poet. Yet, now is also the time to content ourselves with contemplating the fairy aspect of this Roman house; the open courtyard with no blue Italian sky above, but the glass ridges and furrows and iron girders of

Josephus Liliensis; the narrow little bed-chambers all around, which the fairy artists (mostly foreigners) are decorating with fanciful arabesques; the gilded columns, the bright mural paintings — triumphs of fairy-polychromy — and superintending all, an intelligent foreigner smoking a cigar and attired in a cut-away coat and a wide-awake hat. Why doesn't he wear the toga virilis? Why isn't his name Quintus Curtus Max?

Now too, is the time to contrast all this loveliness with the sudden horrors of the swallowed city. Now is the time to remember the skeleton clutching the bag of gold, the dead soldier in his fetters, the breast of the dancing girl pressed against the ashes, the mark of the wine-cup on the marble counter. Now is the time to see the molten lava welling and creeping up the gorgeous walls; to picture Vesuvius vomiting forth fire and stones; the flaming river of lava rushing down the sides of the mountain; the shower of red hot ashes, the plague of stones, the pestilence of burning sparks, the swallowing up alive of Pompeii, men, women, children, houses, city and all.

We lose ourselves for a while in a maze of corridors of unpretending deal boards, containing innumerable pigeon-holes; — offices devoted to officials superintending different departments of Fairyland. These are the spiders watching over the intricacies of the great web; and here they sit in their parlors; but they do not follow the example of the spider in the popular ballad, by asking the flies or visitors to walk in — "Private" being the rule over the doors, and admittance the exception.

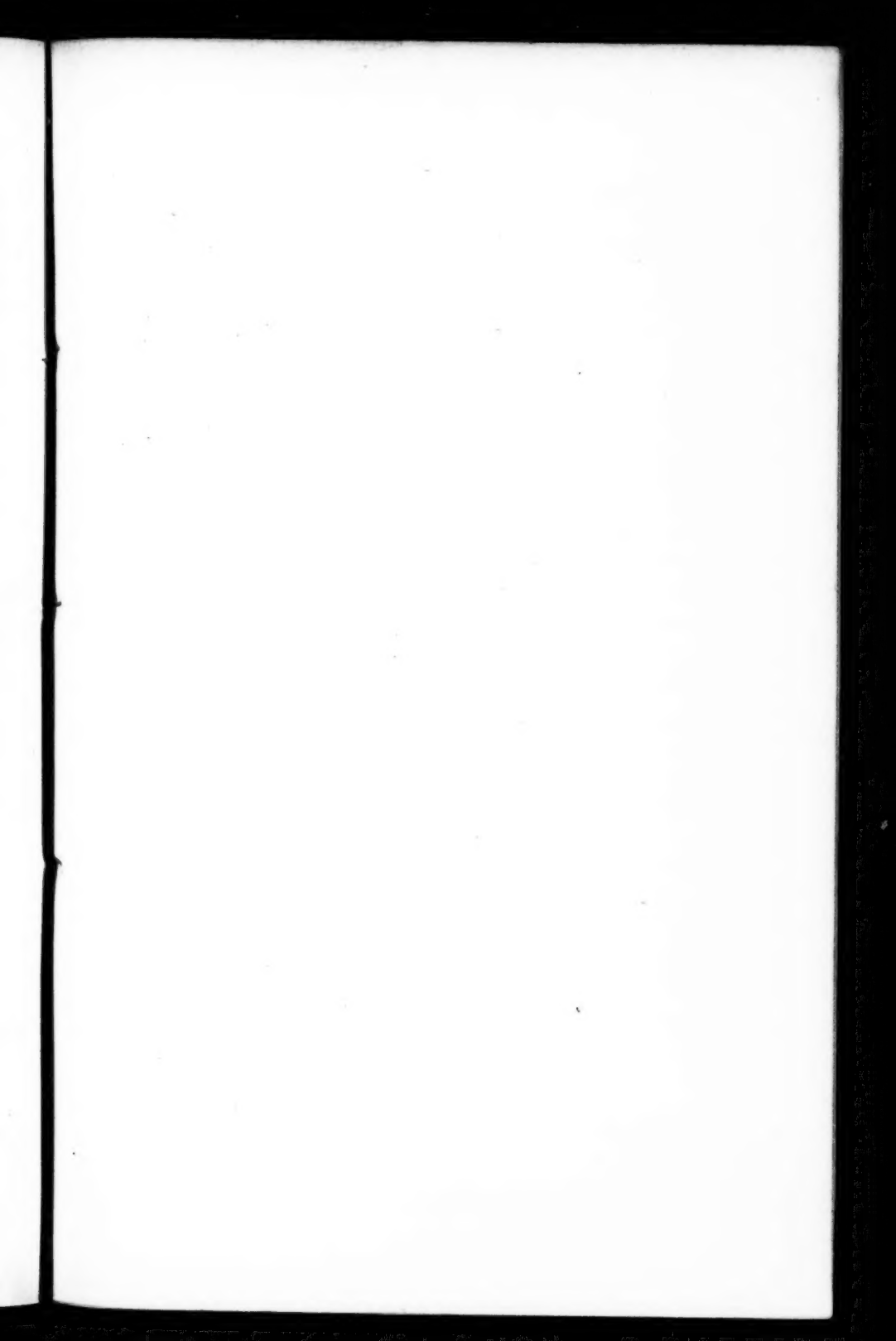
The vicinity of Fairyland is not without that extremely mundane attribute, mud. I became sensible of this fact when approaching its precinct; I am confirmed in my opinion by most woful experience when I leave the halls of the Fairy Palace to traverse the park and gardens of Fairyland. Somebody, as we descend ranges of noble terraces, shows me where the magnificent fountains that surpass Versailles are to be; where the waterfall laid down to a scale of one-eighth the dimensions of Niagara; where the *al fresco* statues; where the famous lake now being excavated, in whose waters — by means of this same cascade — tidal effects are to be produced; where a belt of botanical plants is to encircle the entire space. While admiring the vastness of the gardens, the vivid beauty of the velvety sward, the taste with which every path and plot, every alley and avenue have been laid out; while gloating over the blue distance of the most beautiful landscape near London, I cannot help wishing that the weather had not been quite so moist lately; that the fairy soil was not quite so stiff in some parts and so sloppy in others; and finally that I had not forgotten to bring American overshoes or a pair of mudlark's boots with me to Fairyland.

But what are these trifling thorns to the rose, when we approach the terminus of our walk; which is through a wood, and across several planks over gulleys, and through many morasses, quagmires, cart-ruts, and ditches? We are bound for, and at last arrive at a long low shed, where there is a furnace, several tons of modelling clay, several modellers, a book for us to sign our auto-

graphs in, an astute Triton inessian boots and low-crowned hat, (possibly his couch-shell) several rats, and finally the world before the flood.

The world before the flood. Yes, Ages, perhaps, before Noah's ark was built, or launched, or thought of. In this shed, the Triton known as Waterhouse Hawkins has conspired with the King of Animals, Professor Owen, to bring back those antediluvian days when there were giants in the land. Pre-Adamite, perhaps; pre-Noahite, certainly. Modelled according to some subtle theory, admirably carried out into practice; the marvels of what we may call scientific art — plasticity applied to comparative anatomy — are the great monsters and reptiles of the fossil world. The ichthyosaurus, the plesiosaurus, the megatherium, the mastodon, igua-arcton; gigantic creatures of lizard, toadlike, froglike, beast-like form grin at you, crawl at you, wind their hideous tails round you. Here is a monster, within whose monstrous feet the Triton, Waterhouse, intends to give a dinner to twenty-two persons; and a bearded assistant, coolly squatted between the monster's fore-legs, is as coolly giving him a coat of scales with his modelling tool. All these antediluvian monsters, which will finally be executed in a composition as hard as stone, will be placed on the shores of two artificial islands in the lake; one exhibiting the secondary, the other the tertiary epochs of the world. There, among reeds and slime, the great fish-lizards crawl, and higher up, the great Irish elk reposes. All of which is explained to us in a little studio, where sepia-sketches of elks, and mastodon, and megatheria, mingle with clay-sketch models and casts of skulls and femurs, of fossil mammalia and reptiles.

In 'fifty-four — when the nave and aisles, transepts and courts, gardens and parterres of this gigantic Palace are all swept and garnished, the floor laid, the cumbrous materials of industry removed, the interior tinted to the harmonious hues proposed by the Color-King, Owen Jones; when the temperatures of half the climates of the globe are imitated; when specimens of the vegetation of half the world are brought to flourish here, within seven miles of London; when the loveliest flowers of the world bloom in this great crystal; when the great fountains send up their silver spray; when almost everything that is beautiful in Nature, in Art, in Industry, has here its type, its representative, its imitation; when its halls are thronged by thousands of every class and shade of class — when it shall be recognized as a palace and a pleasure-ground for those whose lot it is to labor, as well as for those who sit in ivory chairs and ride in golden coaches; when the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, and its railways, its electric telegraphs, its banqueting-halls for every grade of mortals from the lavish noble to the economical artisan, are completed, do you think I shall have been guilty of exaggeration in calling it Fairyland? In calling its accomplished inventor a magician? In declaring that magic and magicians are not dead when such structures exist as the Crystal Palace, and such men are among us as the Djin, Josephus Liliensis, otherwise Sir Joseph Paxton?







J. E. Rice

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